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SEGESTA SELINUNTE AND THE WEST
OF SICILY



SEGESTA
SELINUNTE
CASTELVETRANO

MARSALA
MOTYA
TRAPANI

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WEST OF SICILY.



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SEGESTA, SELINUNTE,

AND THE

WEST OF SICILY.

BY

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Author of "In Sicily," "The Asinara," etc., etc.

EMBRACING

SEGESTA,

MARSALA,

SELINUNTE,

MOTYA,

CASTELVETRANO,

TRAPANI.

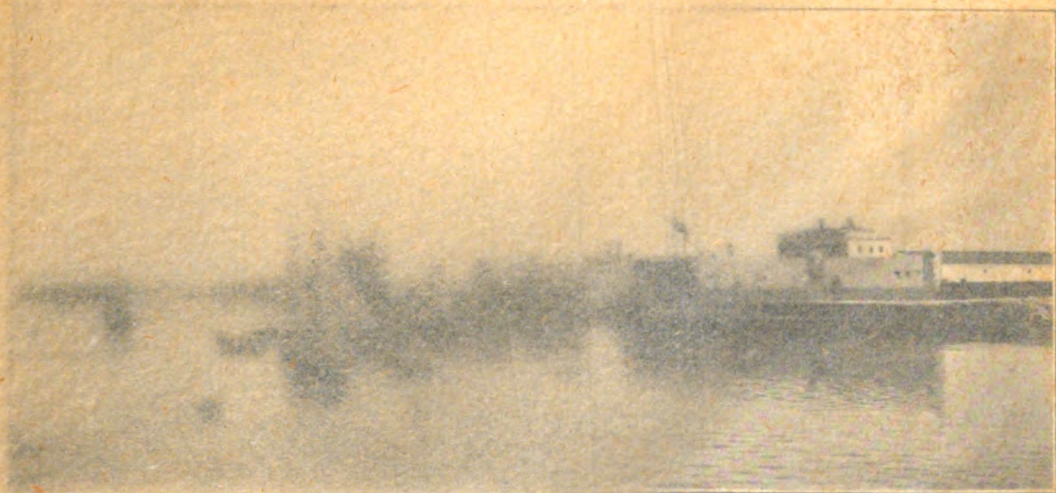
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LONDON:

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Volume 4, 1897

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DOUGLAS SLADEN,

Author of "In Sicily," "The Admiral," etc., etc.

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LONDON:
SANDS & CO.: 1903.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY HORACE COX, WINDSOR HOUSE BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.

Q 14.55

S-C 125

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
THE WHITAKERS OF SICILY,
OUR KIND HOSTS,
TO WHOM I OWE MOST OF THE ORIGINAL
INFORMATION CONTAINED IN IT.
D. S.

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This book is, with many substantial additions in the text and four additional illustrations (three full-page), taken from the author's "In Sicily," published by Sands and Co., 12, Burleigh Street, London, £3 3s. nett, 2 vols., containing 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations and map of Sicily, ancient and modern, specially printed for the work by Baedeker.

CHAPTER I.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus.
VIRGIL, *Æneid* iii., 705.

THE SCENE AT SELINUNTE

SELINUNTE is one of the most interesting places in Sicily. I always regret that I did not take advantage of Signor Florio's offer to spend a few days in his *baglio*, which stands right in the middle of the ruins. The ruins are so majestic, they offer such a rich and ungarnered harvest to the antiquary, and the whole scene is hard to match for either interest or beauty.

Selinunte stands on three hillsides divided by two rivers. The sea washes all their fronts; there are mountains to right of them, and mountains to left of them, and behind them one of the richest valleys in Sicily stretches up to Castelvetro.

Before I saw Selinunte I used to think Syracuse the floweriest spot I had ever seen, but Selinunte leaves it far behind. The vast ruins which makes Selinunte the Babylon of the West are, until you come right up to them, almost concealed by the rich tangle of asphodels and Sicilian daisies, vetches of twenty colours, convolvuli of a dozen more, and anemones.

A CITY WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Selinunte tells a tale of vengeance almost unparalleled; for here it was that Hannibal the son of Gisco set himself to wipe out his grandfather Hamilcar's bloody defeat at Himera, by prostrating the great Greek city, that was a state as well as a city, into a ruin from which it should never rise.

I

B

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

So mightily did Hannibal do his work, that it passes the wit of the antiquary to say what part of the ruins lie as Hannibal left them and what part were hurled down by the earthquake when the attempt had been made to raise a new Selinus, a shadow of its former self.



Photo by Incorpora.

ONE OF THE OLDEST GREEK SCULPTURES

The Metope of the Medusa, from the Temple of Hercules at Selinunte
Now in the Museum at Palermo

In after years the Byzantines, the Saracens, and the Sicilians of many lineages, in turn fortified themselves and eked out a poor existence among these tremendous masses of stone. There was, indeed, a Roman town of a sort built on the ruins of the Greek, but Selinus, in its day the fairest and most majestic of the cities of Greek Sicily, has never been able to lift its head from the vengeance of Hannibal.

And better so, if it was not doomed to stand, like the temples

of Segesta and Girgenti, almost perfect when seen from a short distance. For the stones that we examine on the ground, having been overthrown so early, are of such an ancient date, and in one, at any rate, of the temples the stones lie so nearly in their order, and have suffered so little from depredations, that it would not be impossible to set the temple up again into a building, almost perfect. It is a vast pity that the idea has not suggested itself to Mr. Andrew

WILD FLOWERS AND RUINS OF EIGHT TEMPLES

Carnegie. By the expenditure of a mere £5,000 he could re-erect, in honour of himself or the American people, a monument as fine as the Pantheon, and employ two hundred poor Sicilians for a year. He might go further, and endow an American School of Archæology in Selinunte, with its headquarters in the rebuilt temple.

THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES

There are eight temples at Selinunte, and the most newly excavated of them, which stands in isolation on the furthest hill, is the easiest to understand. It has considerable remains of a fine propylæa, of the kind which leads up to the Parthenon. The three first temples one comes to, as one approaches from Castelvetro, look in the distance like three rough pyramids. In two of them the ruins are almost inextricable; in the third, dedicated probably to Jupiter Olympus, the plan of the cella has been preserved pretty perfect, though it is much encroached on by the ruins of the peristyle. The other two temples here are attributed to Apollo and Juno. They are very picturesquely situated; they stood in the middle of a rolling cornfield, both in 1896 and 1898. This looks as if the rotation of crops had not reached so far south as Selinunte, which stands right on the south coast of Sicily, facing the Mare Africano. The corn is full of the rich Sicilian daisy and both kinds of the anemone. After passing the first group you come to Signor Florio's *baglio*, which has a convent-like cortile, with a well in the centre surmounted by a crown of fine ironwork. Here the carriages of visitors put up, and you can generally buy wine and food.

THE FLOWERS OF SELINUNTE

These occupy the first hill. When we were there in the April of 98 the corn was more than breast high, and where a path was trampled by the feet of pilgrims to the citadel on the central hill, crimson poppies, bright blue grape-hyacinths, and little pink poppies asserted themselves so vigorously that they made quite a garden border on each side. Presently, as the corn thinned towards the



THE TEMPLES OF APOLLO AND JUNO
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT PORT

edge of the field, we found ourselves treading a deep carpet of pink, scentless garlic, starry white garlic, a gay little white and blue convolvulus, like a bird's-eye speedwell, a magenta wild gladiolus, the huge lemon-coloured Sicilian daisy, the bright scarlet Adonis, and a little pink campion I had never seen before, with flowers shaped almost like musk flowers. And almost more conspicuous were the huge crimson Sicilian sainfoin, which looks like a tulip in the distance, and the shrub of the sage family, with large bunches of pale yellow flowers, which remind you of a calceolaria.

And then we found ourselves on a wild slope with the citadel hill in front of us, which contains the principal ruins, though they were almost concealed from our view by deep, overgrown banks. But our attention for the moment was not for the citadel. Our driver, who was at this stage our enthusiastic cicerone, though at the end of the drive he would be transformed into an avaricious cabman, called out with perfervid enthusiasm, "Mare Africano, ecco il mare Africano!"

THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT PORT

He attached less importance to the Gorgo di Cotone at our feet, though he could repeat most of the facts about it like a parrot, when I asked him about it to see how much he knew.

This was the harbour of Selinus, which, like nearly all great Greek cities, except Sparta, was a seaport. To-day it is only a sandy hollow, with a tiny river meandering through it, between conspicuous masses of the large silver-grey shrub from which vermouth is made, and very inconspicuous specimens of the wild parsley, like samphire, from which the ancient city took its name. The wild parsley is figured also on tetradrachmas of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. "These coins," says Professor Middleton, "have on them a youth, representing the River Selinus, sacrificing at an altar, and in the field a parsley leaf with the legend 'Selinos'; on the reverse, Apollo and Artemis in a biga, with the legend 'Selinontion' (retrograde)," and he adds a note, "Sculptured on the altar is a cock, in allusion to the aid given by Æsculapius against the fever which was caused by the marshy site. Drainage works erected by Empedocles are said by Diogenes

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

Laertius to have rendered the site healthy." According to the local legend, Empedocles said that the place would never be healthy until the harbour was filled up and the Selinuntians sacrificed their harbour to their health. But the whole hollow is very inconsiderable for the harbour of a great city. As a matter of fact, the place probably never was malarious until the harbour silted up, and it is not the great seaports of the Sicily of to-day which are malarious, but the vineyards round Alcamo and the Campobello—the rich plain of Mazzara.

THE BLAZE OF WILD FLOWERS ON THE SITE OF THE HARBOUR

The sands—now covered with whole fields of the little white and blue and gold convolvulus, patches of bright blue and light red pimpermels, multi-coloured pea-vetches, and gigantic yellow sparges, puce crane's bill, bright blue borage, crimson orpine, and the silvery vermouthe—exhale more malaria than would be likely to come from the clear waters of the tideless Mare Africano. A little higher up there were masses of the Sicilian weed, the *trifoglio*—an oxalis of small esteem for fodder, with a yellow flower like the giant musk, which carpets the lemon groves in spring, making them all like Sandro Botticelli's "Primavera"—with thickets of crane's-bill and campion, purple and pink anemones, agaves crusted with land-snails, deep red poppies, Sicilian daisies, small marigolds, some pale orange with dark eyes, some almost scarlet. The marigolds and daisies made ramparts of orange and yellow blossoms, thrown into fine relief by the trails of the white-studded purple vetch. I do not think I ever saw such a brilliant blaze of wild flowers as there was in that valley drained by Empedocles, who gained so much distinction by the job that they confused him with Æsculapius and built him a temple.

THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES IN THE ACROPOLIS

When you get near the top of that central hill you come suddenly upon a gate, which admits you into the Acropolis of Selinus. Part of it has been newly excavated; it has some good ornaments and one fresh little column. There is very clear water still running in the

THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

aqueduct. The flowers here are henbane and burrs and smooth thistles like knapweeds.

It is impossible to keep the temples of Selinus properly sorted, because they are known as temples A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and some of the authorities have copied from others and confused the letters in the process. The account in Murray, for instance, is hopelessly at variance with the account of the late Professor Middleton. Murray's writer must be in error, for there is another mistake which shows that he was writing from memory or without an adequate inspection.

THE TEMPLE FROM WHICH THE OLDEST (PALERMO) METOPES WERE TAKEN

The principal temple in the Acropolis is known locally as the Temple of Hercules, though it is marked C in the guide-book. It is also attributed to Apollo. Some of the columns on the sea side are



Photo by Alinari.

THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

"All the columns have fallen as they stood, architraves and all"

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

monoliths ; on the land side they are all formed of drums. The oldest of the famous metopes at Palermo were taken from this temple, which, like all the other temples at Selinunte, except one, faces east. All the columns have fallen as they stood, architraves and all ; those on the sea side fell inwards, those on the land side outwards. It is wonderful to see column, capital, and architrave, cornice, trylyph, and metope lying there as if they were waiting for a steam crane to put them up again ; and on the stone flags in front of the temple are the rut-marks of the chariots made in the poor two hundred years for which the city stood before the son of Gisco and his Carthaginians hurled it to the ground. The question has often been asked, How did he make destruction so complete ? I am inclined to think that he destroyed the temples by harnessing so many of the 16,000 citizens whom he captured to huge cables, which he passed round architrave and cornice, and pulled them down. The Greeks used no mortar, and the heavy top work, balanced with so much nicety on the top of the columns, would have given pretty easily and brought down the columns with them. However they fell, the real acanthus blossoms round the fallen capitals, and the vast masonry is almost buried every spring in garlic, daisies, hemlock, vetches, candy-tuft, borage, marigolds, poppies, and huge white cam-pions. This temple seems to have been a great favourite with the Byzantines ; as the Irishman said, " Not content with living in it while they were alive, they went on living in it after they were dead." They marked its stones with crosses to counteract the influence of Pagan gods whom they feared, though they did not believe in them. There is a regular Byzantine Necropolis here, and some tombs shaped like coffins cut out in the surface of the ground, others in little squares. There is one hole in the ground which was cemented once as a bath and once as a boy's tomb. These tombs are mostly about eight feet square. The houses were built of ancient fragments, and the lizards seem to regard everything as having been built for their special convenience, except the antique well with a sort of tiled chimney down into it, into which Miss L—— nearly stumbled, it was so hidden by the masses of purple vetch, vermouth, and marigolds. The asphodels had done blossoming here.

THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE GREEK HOUSES



Photo by Incorpora.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

Our cabman-guide, who persisted that there was not the slightest need for the services of the *custode* in charge of the ruins while *he* was there, paraded us with great pride down the stately main street to show us what he claimed to be Greek houses. He did not wish us to examine the other three temples of the Acropolis, marked in the plan A, B, and D, because they had no metopes taken from them to Palermo. He did not know that B, that little bit of a thing technically described as a prostyle-tetrastyle-ædicula, was precious to the soul of the antiquarian as giving some of the best examples extant of the polychromatic decoration of the Greeks.

THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE GREEK HOUSES

Now that was exactly the kind of thing which appealed to the authoress of "By the Waters of Sicily." She did not discover, until we were nearly at the opposite end of the main street, that we had



Photo by Alinari.

THE HIGH STREET OF ANCIENT SELINUNTE AND THE PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE CITY

THE SO-CALLED GREEK HOUSES AT SELINUNTE

passed it, and back we should have gone if she had not suddenly spied the newly unearthed temple on the third hill, divided from us by the muddy Madiuni—the Selinus river of antiquity. Having seen that she projected her mind upon it, the guide had pointed it out with much pride; but when he saw the spirit he had raised he at once began to belittle it and to exaggerate the difficulties about getting to it. Here we were at the Greek houses, he said, of immense importance—the only ancient Greek houses in the world. That there was a doubt of their being Greek and not Roman he would not admit. He did not think about it. The houses, Greek or Roman, seemed to have had square-bottomed windows, eighteen inches from the ground. Witheridge, who had been in North Africa, and who was no fool, said they were like Tunisian houses; at any rate they were extremely small, and though they had only a single story had both a front and a side door. You could put any of them into a good-sized room. Their stones, on the other hand, were very large, a couple of feet long and a foot wide and thick, quite in keeping with the tremendous twelve-foot-thick wall of the Acropolis, of which there is a fine piece close by containing the only gateway of the ancient city. A thick



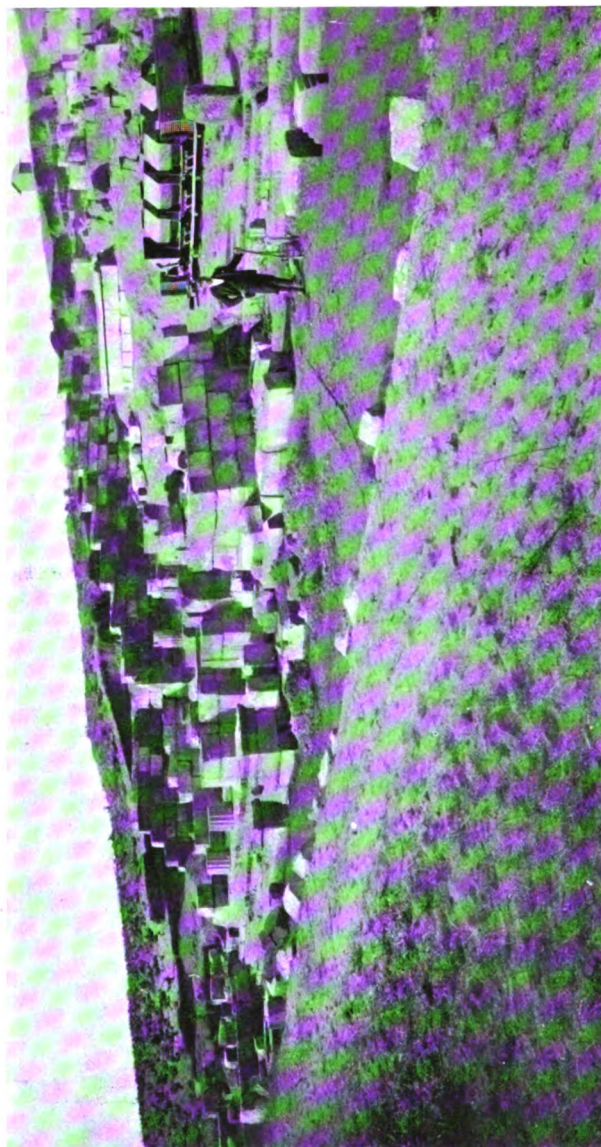
THE RAPE OF EUROPA
Unearthed and photographed by Professor Sa'inas
Now in the Palermo Museum

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

mediæval face has been added on the outside of this. There is a great deal of mediæval work outside this face of the Acropolis, the place was so subject to the descents of the Saracens. The so-called theatre was a mediæval tower, but the two round bastions at the corner of the ancient fortifications may be largely Greek, like the fine subterranean passage from this exterior fortification (which Baedeker considers may have been the work of Hermocrates, 407 B.C.) into the temples. These fortifications, with their tremendous masses of masonry, are of almost as much interest as the temples themselves, and our cabman-guide was prepared to enter into great detail on the subject. He waxed especially eloquent over a little gateway in this, the north wall of the Acropolis, the arch of which was not built, but hewn out of a single stone. It was near here that Professor Salinas, the head of the Palermo Museum, unearthed the beautiful metopes entitled The Rape of Europa and the Sphinx, and one too much effaced to be recognisable.

MISS L—— MAKES UP HER MIND TO SEE THE EXCAVATIONS

But Miss L—— cut him short. She had observed through the field-glasses which she carried slung round her neck that men were still at work excavating a new temple on the opposite hill, which the guide called the temple of Messina, because it lies behind the house of Messina, and she meant to see those excavations. "I had rather see them," she said, "than all the rest of Sicily put together—we have got to see them." The cabman said that the river, which looked about a yard wide, was very deep, and could only be crossed at its mouth, where, like most Sicilian rivers, it ran into the sand instead of running into the sea. It would take nearly two hours each way, and then there was the time taken in seeing the temple, and we should have to leave Selinunte for Castelvetro in little over two hours' time, and he did not think we should be allowed to go near the excavations without a special *permesso*. To all of which Miss L—— simply retorted that she was going there, and going straight, and would swim the river if necessary, and that he, the cabman, must at any rate come as far as the river bank if he could not swim. He



THE NEW TEMPLE ACROSS THE MADIUNI
Excavated by Professor Salinas and Signor Patricolo

CROSSING THE RIVER MADIUNI

shrugged his shoulders, and said we should not get back before dark. Miss L—— said she thought it would be worth while to stay late in order to see the ruins in the dusk. Of course she did not mean it, but only to impress the cabman with the idea that she was a woman that nothing could stop.

He bowed to the inevitable, and I must say that when he had made his bow he was ready to do his best, and he was more useful than he had been all day.

CROSSING OUR RUBICON

A walk of about a quarter of an hour through cornfields—you always walk through the corn in Sicily, if there is no better way—carried us down a sharp incline to the banks of the Madiuni, which was for a lady a formidable thing to cross, though any ordinary man could have taken it at a jump. It was not wide; it was the type of the vicious little rivers you get in the malarious districts with one to six feet of water, and I daresay one to six feet of mud, between its treacherous overhanging banks. It was fringed with tall bamboo reeds, great yellow flags, and a kind of flower like a large pink garlic. The forgiving cabby came in useful, for he hailed some men about half a mile off in Sicilian to ask where the nearest crossing was. It would have, of course, been hopeless for us to try and make them understand, as we could not speak Sicilian, and they could speak nothing else. There was, it appears, a *tavola*, both a little way up and a little way down, the said *tavola* (table) consisting of some planks laid on an iron table. A short walk along the banks, past splendid beds of bulrushes and flowering yellow iris, brought us to one of them. All that remained was a few minutes' scramble through the sand to the temple disembowelled from the sandy hill. The whole walk had taken us about twenty minutes, and the cabman gave the beautiful smile with which an Italian "makes face" when his position is no longer tenable.

THE TEMPLE WITH A PROPYLÆA

We found that the newly-excavated buildings were not two temples, but one fine temple, standing in the bosom of a hill like a

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

Greek theatre, with a very elegant propylæa, consisting of a columned façade and wings, in front of it. The best modern word to convey the idea of the propylæa of the Greeks is portico. Their propylæa formed a portico "in front of the gates" (pylæ). The propylæa here, as at Athens, lies a good deal below the temple, the ground plan of which is remarkably perfect, though the ruins are of no great height. To tell the honest truth, we did not examine them very particularly, for I was by no means certain that the average reader would be interested in knowing whether they were in antis or peripteral, or hexastyle, and we were all amazingly interested in the excavations which were going on just outside.

Baedeker says this propylæa belonged not to the temple, but to a necropolis, but that it was itself used as a temple (probably of Hecate, to judge from an inscription). Behind this Signor Salinas and Signor Patricolo have excavated not only a temple, but altars and grave-steles and terra-cotta statuettes and lamps innumerable.

Above the propylæa is a very large *ara*, and above that the cella of the temple proper. There is also a containing wall on the left-hand side, and just within the wall they were excavating. We saw a whole-length figure and many beautiful heads of the best period taken out, but the carelessness of the workmen and the engineer in charge was incredible. They just hammered away with a small pick-axe, and before our eyes knocked pieces out of the faces of the beautiful heads, and broke up a figure a foot long, and a dozen similar figures, because they were too idle or too ignorant to scrape away the earth sufficiently before they began prizing them up, and if they did not fancy the fragments, would deliberately smash them up with their picks. They did their excavating with geologists' hammers and pocket knives.

When I suggested to the engineer that a bucket of water thrown over obdurately buried pieces would often bring them out quite easily, he said it would spoil them, though they must have had some experience of damp during the two thousand years they had lain in the earth, awaiting the hands of this barbarian to smash them up. He was a charming young fellow, of the gentlest and most genial manners,



THE EXCAVATOR'S TREASURE TROVE AT SELINUNTE
From a photograph by Professor Salinas, Director of the Palermo Museum

EXCAVATING TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES

far more careless and reckless than the average schoolboy in digging out antiques, which might, some of them, be priceless. He might even have been a good engineer, but was more fit for any other business in the world than superintending excavations. Miss L—— was furious at his carelessness. "Why doesn't one of our universities buy the excavating rights of Selinunte, as Harvard College brought that place in Yucatan?" She might well ask why. Sicily is starving, and the Berlin Museum would be only too glad to buy the mining rights of Selinunte, where workmen engaged for a few pence a day destroy pounds' worth for every penny they get. It was heartrending to see these exquisite little antiques broken up like so much road metal.

I RESIST THE GREATEST TEMPTATION I EVER FELT

I never was so tempted to break the eighth commandment in my life as I was there, where the workmen, as they prized up the heads, handed them to us to look at without the smallest concern as to what we did with them. We could just as easily have put them into our pockets as into the baskets—I wish I had, now. To us they would have been things of beauty and joys for ever. To the Sicilian they were nothing—just objects dug out by the hundred, to be taken to the house at the corner of the ruins, where the real chief of the excava-



Photo by the Author.

EXCAVATING

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

tions spent a few hours a day in examining them, and then to be relegated to the cellars at Selinunte, which contain so many thousands of small antiques, and probably never to see daylight again. If they ever find their way to the Palermo Museum it will not be for years.

I had in my hands, and could have carried away as easily as possible, two perfectly exquisite heads—one of a man, in general expression and head-dress absurdly like the Tudor Henry VII. we get on the coins, and the other of a lovely and gracious woman with the particular smile and wave of the hair on the forehead characteristic of the best period of Athenian statuary. I would have given just anything to have had those heads, though each of them was scratched by the pick, and they just went into the basket of what the engineer considered ordinary specimens, to take their chance of being re-buried in the cellars of the local museum.

It made me feel quite sick to see the beautiful figures and heads being broken by careless picks, and I could hardly resist striking them when they had spoiled a specimen or dug up one they did not think of sufficient value and deliberately broke it in half before they threw it away. It was terrible to see things which had lasted two or three thousand years smashed in this wanton way. The ground was literally packed with them. The best specimens were laid out on a tray, where they had several full-length figures, some bits of Phœnician glass, a beautiful little bull's head, two rings, and other elegant objects in bronze, all of a beautiful verdigris green. Other marvellously beautiful heads were just laid anyhow on workmen's tool baskets. The refuse was collected into iron wheel-barrows, which were run down to the sea on a small railway line, and there turned over. I collected some charming specimens from the rubbish thus thrown away.

The only comfort about the whole thing was that the knives the men were using were the knives men have used in Sicily for untold generations, with long pointed dagger blades and brass handles of the quaintest designs, which are rough and almost ugly when they are new, but wear with much handling into things of beauty, and in the

THE ANTIQUES IN SICILY GENERALLY GENUINE

midst of it all was a clump of the little blue Greek iris, a few inches high, which grows all over the Pnyx at Athens.



Photo by Prof. Salinas.

A TRAY OF CHOICE SPECIMENS

THE ANTIQUES IN SICILY GENERALLY GENUINE

They dig out quantities of lamps, little clay things of the pattern used by the wise and foolish virgins in most mediæval pictures. In the three days before our visit they had dug out eight thousand of them, and there were another thirty or forty thousand waiting for their company in the Selinunte cellars.

Truly there is no reason why the little clay antiquies which you buy should, in Sicily at any rate, be forgeries. You do not give more for them than you would for successful imitations, and who is going to imitate them so beautifully and bury them so patiently for such a price? Besides, in a country like Italy, it is a kind of rule that the Government should not get half what they ought to get, and probably for every lamp or head which finds its way to

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the museums there is one which does not. The people who pick them up are always willing to sell them for coppers. They will sell the silver coins they find for their mere weight in silver. This you learn from the Englishmen in the employ of local firms. They can generally speak Sicilian fluently; and being on the spot such objects are often offered to them by their finders. We ourselves carried away pocketfuls of charming broken heads and portions of figures from the shore of the Mare Africano at Selinunte, where they dump the refuse from the excavation.

"I like your idea of getting up a fund for the relief of starving Sicily by purchasing the digging rights of Selinunte," I said to Miss L——. "Our museums do not seem to have the go in them to seize these wonderful opportunities of securing art treasures. Of course the Sicilian authorities might object; there would at any rate be no harm in trying, and Heaven knows that Sicily wants every halfpenny it can get."

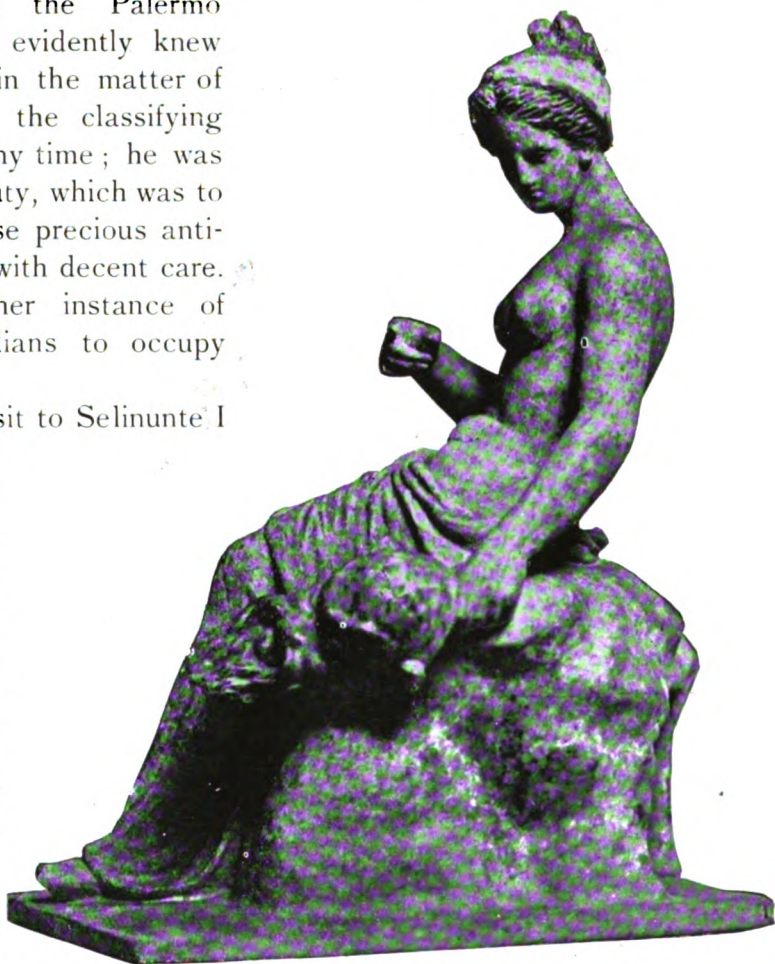
THE TREASURE TROVE OF ANTIQUITIES ON THE DUSTHEAP

When we had finished with the new temple we did not return across the slab bridge and the hillside cornfield to the ruins of the Acropolis, but followed the line of the little tramway which took the refuse from the excavations to dump it on the seashore. We went with the engineer, and when we got to the temple dust-heaps our real danger of being left behind began, for the wind scattered the sand of the jetsam as it listed, but the little clay heads and arms and bosoms and draperies which had defied the damp and decay of twenty centuries defied the force of the wind which could wreck tall ships on the African Sea, and there they lay, stranded, food for the pockets of any passer-by. It was fascinating turning over these tailings of the gold-mine of antiquities on the hill above. We filled our pockets with the best, and should have taken off our coats and made sacks of them if we had only had time. But though Miss L—— was prepared to be benighted to see a newly-dug-out temple, she was not prepared to risk it for filling her pockets with

WHY SO MANY TERRA-COTTAS ARE DISCOVERED

a few more bodiless heads and headless bodies. Besides, the engineer was very anxious that we should go into his chief's office for a minute and see the pick of the discoveries, which were shelved and labelled for transmission to the Palermo Museum. The chief evidently knew what he was about in the matter of classifying, but then the classifying would have done at any time; he was neglecting his real duty, which was to go and see that those precious antiquities were dug out with decent care. He was only another instance of the unfitness of Italians to occupy responsible positions.

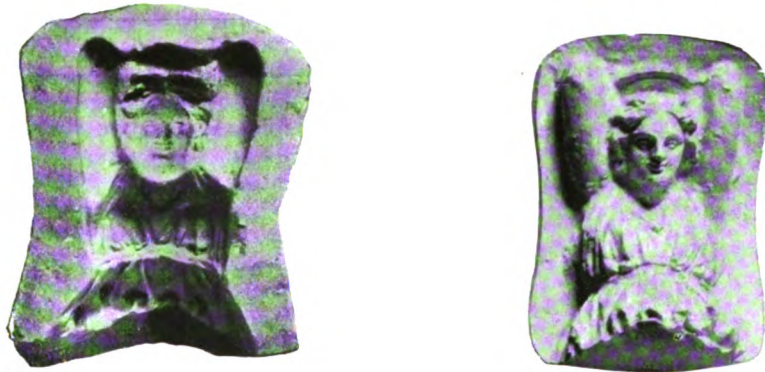
Since my last visit to Selinunte I have read a recently-published work on Greek terra-cotta statuettes. The author accounts for the large finds of statuettes outside temples in this way. Since any kind of a statuette, whatever its subject, was a proper offering for a divinity, the temples from time to time became overcrowded. To relieve them the priests melted down the bronze statues into lavers or anything else that might be needed for the service of the temple, and threw the terra-cotta statuettes on the temple dust-heap, first breaking them, lest that which had belonged



AN ATTENDANT SPIRIT (TANAGRA)
British Museum, C. 316
Showing how beautiful these Statuettes are
From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

to the divinity should pass into common use. But at Selinunte this rule does not seem to have been very carefully observed, for there were many whole statuettes in the office of the chief of excavations. Indeed, Professor Salinas denies that it was the custom to break them at all. These little statuettes seem to have been of three classes, at any rate: (1) *Hieratic*, i.e. representing divinities or the persons and objects employed in their worship; (2) *Idealistic*, figures of young men



ANCIENT MOULD (TARENTUM), WITH MODERN CAST

British Museum, E. 14

Showing how these Statuettes were made

From "*Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes*," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

and women endued with a superhuman grace and elegance (a perfect copy of the Apollo Belvedere might be held to belong to either of these two classes); (3) *Realistic*, the realism mostly taking the form of caricature. The figurines of the second class are superbly lovely, and by far the greater number of them are idealisations of beautiful Greek women of the day, especially in the third and fourth centuries before Christ. We know from them not only the shape of the garments these lovely aristocratic women wore, but³ their very colours survive in many instances. There is really no class of woman, until we get to modern times, of whose personal appearance we know so much as that of the Greek ladies who lived between the time of the Battle of Salamis and the foundation of Greek Empires in the East by the generals of Alexander.



ANCIENT GREEK LADIES (MYRINA)

British Museum, C. 529

From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

Incautiously I told my wife this, and from that day to the hour we left Sicily her ruling passion was buying these "Tanagra" figurines.

THE THREE TEMPLES NEAR THE ROAD

When we got back to Florio's *baglio* we found that we had taken such a prudent consideration of time that we had leisure to stumble through the three temples near the road, from one of which, marked E, and popularly called the Temple of Juno, the later metopes came which are, as I have said, after the metopes of the Parthenon, the finest examples extant of ancient Greek sculptures. Of them Professor Middleton says:—

"The sculptured metopes of temple E are of extraordinary beauty and interest, and appear to date from the finest period of Greek art—the age of Phidias, or perhaps that of Myron. The chief subjects are Zeus and Hera on Mount Olympus, Artemis and Actæon, and Heracles defeating an Amazon. They are of the noblest style, simply and highly sculpturesque in treatment, and full of grace and expression. One remarkable peculiarity in their technique is that the nude parts of the female figures (heads, feet, and hands) are executed in white marble, while the rest of the reliefs are in the native grey tufa, which originally was covered with marble-dust stucco and then painted. The whole of the stone-work of all the temples was treated in a similar way, and gives most valuable examples of early Greek coloured decoration. Recent excavations at Selinus have shown that in many cases the cornices and other architectural features were covered with moulded slabs of terracotta, all richly coloured."

There are still three columns standing in one corner on the south side, but the rest of the temple, though prostrate, is in such order that Murray says it looks as if the pieces had been arranged ready for construction—was it not more likely for reconstruction? unless Hannibal, as I have said, simply tied cables round the superstructure and made the captive Selinuntians, harnessed in hundreds, drag them down. Or was it due to the geometrical destructiveness of an earthquake?



THE THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS



Photo by Sommer

THE ACTÆON FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUNO

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT SELINUNTE

UNLUCKY TO BUILD A TEMPLE TO THE OLYMPIAN JOVE

To-day the vast Temple of Jupiter, marked G in the plans, is one of the most imposing objects of Selinunte. I have mentioned that the most perfect part of the irregular pyramid is a portion of the cella. Locally it is known as the Temple of Apollo, but it was probably the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and, like so many of his temples, was unfinished. If I had been at the head of affairs in a Greek city, I should have made it a capital offence for anyone to propose building a temple to the Olympian Jove. As sure as ever the citizens started it something happened to prevent the completion. They overreached themselves in a supreme effort to build the champion temple of the Greek states. When Athens began a temple to the Olympian Jove there came the disastrous expedition to Syracuse and the capture of the city by the Spartans. When Selinunte commenced hers, Hannibal the son of Gisco came along and disposed of the pretensions of Selinunte for ever; and Girgenti and Syracuse may have completed theirs, but their period of decay followed swiftly. "The great Temple of Zeus at Selinunte," according to Professor Middleton, "was the largest peripteral temple of the whole Hellenic world, being almost exactly the same size as the enormous pseudo-peripteral Olympeæum at the neighbouring city of Girgenti." I could not get Miss L—— to take any interest in the fact that it was octastyle, pseudo-dipteral with seventeen columns on the sides, and that it measured 360 by 162 feet, or that its columns were 10 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the base and 48 feet 7 inches high. She asked, with mock interest, whether it was "in antis." But she showed more interest when, inspired by the guide-book, I pointed out that the temple could not have been finished because they had not had time to flute all the columns. Professor Middleton has no doubt as to the cause of their destruction, for he says, in so many words: "The whole of these six massive buildings now lie in a complete state of ruin, a work of evidently wilful destruction on the part of the Carthaginians, as the temple at Segesta, not many miles distant, has still every column and its whole entablature quite perfect;

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

so it is impossible to suppose that an earthquake was the cause of the utter ruin at Selinus. Few or no marks of fire are visible on the stone blocks."

It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Andrew Carnegie or the Italian Government will see their way to re-erecting the two best temples at Selinunte. They would be among the most perfect specimens of antique temples, for almost the whole of their fragments lie exactly as they fell. The three or four columns of the temples of Castor and Pollux at Girgenti, re-erected by Signor Cavallari, have proved an extremely successful and popular work. I have no hesitation in saying that the number of visitors to Selinunte would be doubled, if not quadrupled, were the Government of Italy to re-erect a temple or two, and some of the expense could be covered by charging a franc for admission to the re-erected temples.

THE RUINS IN THE ACROPOLIS AT SELINUNTE

Those of our party who had elected to stay behind, when we made our dash across the Madiuni with the cabman, spent their time, I daresay, a great deal more profitably than we did. They did not, perhaps, experience the dram-drinker's exhilaration which fell to us at seeing those exquisite little antiques dug up like potatoes, but they undoubtedly saw more than we did in a general way, for they had time to make a pretty good examination of the objects that interested me so in 1896, and there is much to see in the Acropolis at Selinunte.

THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR

The Temple of Castor, for instance, is very interesting, for it is the survivor of a pair of temples, which is proved by the fact that the perished temple was the only one at Selinunte which did not face east. Its neighbour, attributed to Castor, without any ground, except that it was one of a pair, was burnt in ancient times, and for a hundred years covered by a modern house, which was promptly knocked down when the discovery was made in 1898, to allow of the proper excavations. The temples would be more perfect than they are if the poor Byzantines,



GREEK LADY, SHOWING OUTDOOR DRESS (ERETRIA)
British Museum, C. 215
From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

harassed by Saracen corsairs, had not taken their stones to build a sort of breastwork round the hovels in which they squatted amidst the ruins of the Acropolis. The ruins of Selinunte, besides yielding those glorious metopes, yielded the principal proofs that the Greeks decorated their temples with painted terra-cotta. The cella of one temple showed extensive traces of having been lined with painted terra-cotta. Another curious feature of this temple was that it had evidently been excavated in ancient times, for its columns were found to be supported by big stones, while the spaces in between were only filled with soil. There are the remains of ancient houses between the temples. The excavations at the temple marked D, attributed to Jupiter Agorius, do not seem to have progressed much since 1896, the excavators being occupied more fruitfully on the opposite hill. We were the first foreigners to see these excavations. The earth was still lying loose on the long, broad, unusually flat steps of the stylobate, and the exhumed portions of the columns had not had time to dry after being steeped in mould for two thousand four hundred years. The high-water mark of the earth on the columns was very distinct.

BYZANTINE TOMBS

The temples were full of Byzantine tombs. The Byzantines seem to have had a fancy for being buried in temples. They thought, I suppose, that they might as well have any sanctity there was in both religions to help them to rise on the Judgment Day from tombs which were as handy for yielding up their dead as anything which could well be imagined, being merely flat niches in the surface of the road, about the size and shape of a coffin, and once closed in with lids; or else a loose kind of altar-tomb, composed of long stones eighteen inches wide, with two or three slabs on the top, two feet wide by four or five feet long. They stand perhaps two or three feet from the ground, and are as loosely constructed as cromlechs. Indeed, considering the moderate size of the stones and the looseness of their construction, you almost imagine that they must have had earth heaped up over them to preserve them.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE RUINS OF SELINUNTE

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE RUINS OF SELINUNTE

The local antiquaries believe that the Acropolis, which was surrounded with a splendid "battered" wall like a Japanese castle, was reserved for the temples and their enclosures and the habitations of the aristocracy. There are very extensive remains of it embowered in a thicket of wild flowers—extraordinary even for Sicily. The *custode*, who could not be lured from the new temple in 1898, told us in 1896 that the cabman's Greek houses were Byzantine, and the cabman's windows were doors. I was content to leave the point open. That ancient street at Selinunte, leading past the ruins of the temples and ancient houses of whatever date to the grand gateway, which was in classical times the only entrance, and still bears the marks of the fires lit by Hannibal, is so superb. It is to be noted that it stands on the side farthest from the sea, though probably the harbour head was commanded by it.

The fortifications outside that gate are so vast that you could well



A BULLOCK-WAGGON FROM THE CLASSICS

Photo by Crupi.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

spend upon them the time that most visitors devote to the whole ruins, only no one ever does examine Selinunte properly. You could spend a week profitably in that Sicilian Babylon sorting out those vast remains.

On the way back we passed a procession of dignified West Sicilians on donkeys or carts, or bullock-waggon from the Classics. For the most part the old men were fine, and the young girls beautiful; and when they were going uphill the horses zigzagged across the road of their own accord. The Sicilian and his beast are brothers—in intelligence at any rate, and this is throwing no reflection on the man.

OUR VISIT TO THE BAGLIO AT CASTELVETRANO

The *baglio* at Castelvetro where we were to pass the night is a kind of rest-house for members of Mr. Whitaker's staff when they are tasting wines in the district. A broker lives there, and carries on the small amount of routine business necessary. He is a splendid specimen of a man, and he had a great deal to tell us about the revolution which so nearly came a few years ago. If Crispi had not poured 50,000 men into Sicily it would have revolted, and Italy after it; but Crispi is a Sicilian, and knew more about the revolters than their leaders did. The Sicilians who did not belong to Socialistic societies did not know what was happening; they thought that an army was being collected for Africa.

We enjoyed our visit to that *baglio* very much, it was such a thorough novelty. On the ground floor are a large entrance-hall, the kitchen, Donna Cecilia's rooms, and a spare bedroom. Up above these is a central sitting-room with a domed ceiling, surrounded by little bedrooms with French windows. All of these have blue-tiled floors. We were waited on by a man-of-all-work, quiet, quick, anticipative of all our wants; and Donna Cecilia cooked us quite a party dinner, including excellent soup and such chicken! The wine naturally was sound and plentiful, and they had provided syphons. We ate like hunters, and the queerness of the situation loosened our tongues and our laughter. It really was an odd situation. Our

MORA—THE GAME OF THROWING OUT FINGERS

friends had lent us their servants and their house stocked with food and drink in a place we should never have dreamt of if they had not suggested it, and we had suddenly dropped our family party into it for a single night, and been made quite at home, though in the morning early, when we left for Segesta, that town would pass clean out of our lives.

THE GAME OF THROWING OUT FINGERS

In the morning, before we started, we looked out on the yard. Somebody's children were playing at Mora, the great Italian gambling game of throwing out fingers, which I have explained in "In Sicily," vol. i., p. 259. I have never been able to understand it. It is said to be one of the oldest games in the world. I suppose I knew all about it, when I was doing the Classics, from notes on some Latin or Greek author, but I have no recollection of it. Italian workmen always play it during their lunch hour. They said that it was a game that you could always carry about with you. It has the merit for Italians, who are not rich, of not involving any stock-in-trade such as cards or dominoes. I daresay they gamble in centesemi or chestnuts. Trouser buttons would be too costly.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN SICILY

One thing about Sicilian railways is that the ends of the carriages have nice open doors to see through. You can stand on the platform or walk through the train. The railway officials do not mind your killing yourself—that is your affair. The corridor runs through the middle of the carriage, each compartment having a pair of double seats on one side of the corridor and treble seats on the other. Trains are not so overcrowded as they are in Italy, because there are not enough people travelling. When the poor Sicilian goes on the railway he likes to start in the morning and get in at night. The longer the train takes the better he likes it; he is getting more for his money. He regards it as a form of entertainment—as seeing the world. He has not got beyond the top-boot stage yet.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

Our friend from the *baglio* told us that the common Sicilians do get malaria a great deal, that when their men come back from malarious districts they often have to give them large doses of quinine, and let them away from their work early to avoid the malarious time.

A SICILIAN WAY OF PENSIONING PEOPLE

The funniest thing about the wine business is the pensioning. The old men regard it as a pension to be allowed to pick oakum, which is regarded in another light in England at the *pensions* kept by King Edward VII. They are also taken to and from their work at Messrs. Whitaker's in an omnibus. The very poorest of them have big blue-hooded cloaks for morning and evening, and if their work is in the country a donkey or a mule to take them to it. Of course they do not have to feed the beast; it boards itself while they are working.

ON THE LINE BETWEEN SELINUNTE AND SEGESTA

The line from Castelvetro to Alcamo-Calatafimi runs through a gorgeous amphitheatre of wild hills and vines; and, at the season of the year, the many-headed narcissus which tempted Proserpine glows in the valleys.

When the almond blossom is out there is no more beautiful place in the world, for the rich valleys are full of almonds and olives and corn and vines; indeed, Castelvetro is quite a centre of the oil trade in Sicily. You see splendid cities on the hilltops too. S. Ninfa, with its magnificent old castle, looks finer than Eryx.

THE VASES OF THE MONASTERO DEL PURGATORIO

Soon we drew up at the Alcamo-Calatafimi Station, so called because it is five miles from either of them. I forgot to mention the fate of the vases at the Monastero del Purgatorio, which the driver had promised should be brought for sale to the *baglio*. Of course they never came, but just as we were getting into the train the man brought some new ones, something like them, but not worth a franc apiece.

BUYING VASES

He valued them at five francs, and swore that they were the ones we had seen. As they still had the shavings of the packing-case on them they obviously had not been exposed to the weather for a couple of centuries, nor had the specimens he brought any kind of distinction ; they were jars, and they were green, and that was all. He calculated on us buying them in a hurry, as the train was going out, but, as Miss L.—— said, “ He did not know his bird.”

CHAPTER II.

SEGESTA

Urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.
VIRGIL, *Æneid* v., 718.

COACH-DRIVERS AND BRIGANDS

WE had to leave Castelvetro unpleasantly early in the morning in order to get to Segesta at all. For we had arranged to continue our journey to Palermo by the afternoon train, not knowing what the inn might be like at Calatafimi. Our Baedeker informed



Photo by

[the Author.]

THE MAIL COACH FOR SEGESTA

us that the journey from the Alcamo-Calatafimi Station to Segesta costs fifteen francs for four persons. But the driver of the mail-coach, which was the only trap to be had, would not hear of taking us under thirty francs, and, as we were here to see Segesta, there was nothing to do but to pay it.

We had been informed that the district had a bad name for brigandage, and appearances tended to confirm the idea; for the road wound up to Calatafimi round the edges of wild-looking hills, and we saw so many villainous-looking sportsmen, mounted as well as armed and accompanied by dogs. When Mr. Forbes-Robertson made the journey in 1900, he was compelled to have a *carabiniere* in the carriage with him, who, on starting, loaded his revolver with most disquieting ostentatiousness.

SCENERY OF THE ROAD UP TO CALATAFIMI

SCENERY LIKE HOKUSAI'S SKETCHES OF JAPAN

The scenery up which we wound was very like Japan in general effect, the pinky almond blossoms and grey olives giving the effect of the cherry blossoms and grey bamboos of Japan. Though cornfields and vineyards hedged with prickly-pears filled the terraces, which would have been laid out in ricefields there, it was very like the road up to Myanoshita, but wilder. The hollows in the hills were so Jappy, and the donax, the Sicilian reed, is so like bamboo. The little farms on the hills surrounded by almond orchards have just the Japanese effect of brown tinted with pink. The one un-Japanese touch was the border of fine agaves which hedged the road. Behind us was a panorama of rolling hills round one noble lion-shaped mountain, which I took to be Corleone. At last we came into sight of Calatafimi—an old grey town, with three monasteries, a boys' orphanage, and a couple of nunneries lying under the shadow of a Saracen castle.

ARRIVAL AT CALATAFIMI

We had enjoyed our drive amazingly as we dashed round those wild hills, dotted here and there with little thatched Jappy-looking houses. Just before we came to the town we passed a shallow almond-fringed valley, with a picturesque washing-pool, and many men in their dark blue, hooded cloaks, and flocks of striped goats, while on the hill there was a ruined convent with a dome like a mosque. The point of view from which the native regards the agave is that of a handy thing on which to stretch washing. The eternal Garibaldi has an obelisk here. He won one of his most important victories on the hills round Calatafimi. As Miss L—— said, the coach looked as if it had been in the battle, and was a knocked-about old tea-chest without any paint on it (which is not an ordinary Sicilian failing), drawn by five mules with rope harness which had a knot in it for every day in the year. However, they could and did go, and it was part of our contract with the driver that he should take us on to the nearest point to the temple that

SEGESTA

a carriage could approach. He drove us into another charming valley, overhung by grand grey screes and full of lemon groves, cypresses, olives, and donax, mixed with brambles. The wild palmetto, wild fennel, wild blue-blossomed flax rioted everywhere.

Fortunately it had not been raining lately, for there was a Japanese river to cross before we could get to the temple, and we had to cross it on foot. We found it a tiny rill meandering gently in the middle of a wide bed of sand and boulders—the orthodox out-of-work mountain torrent.

SEGESTA

We lost no time in climbing up to the temple. It is not easy to exaggerate the beauty of this temple, which has never been finished and never been ruined in two thousand years of time. You come upon it suddenly, crowning a knoll so steep that no one has ever yet taken a satisfactory photograph of the temple, which perhaps is the very building whose treasures were shown with those of Aphrodite at Eryx, to lure the Athenians into the alliance against Syracuse which proved their ruin. Of the city of Egesta, as the Greeks called it, which was the only city, except Eryx, of any importance founded by the mysterious Elymians, there remains nothing except this temple and a ruined theatre on still higher ground, though there are plenty of Roman, mediæval, and Saracenic remains scattered around. It is noteworthy that the citizens, as they sat in their theatre on a clear day, could see the sister city of Eryx as well as the sea, and their own noble temple. The simple, massive, and pure Doric style of the temple suggests that it must have been begun at the time of the Athenian alliance. The cella and the pavement seem never to have been added.

THE ROMANS HAIL THE EGESTANS AS BROTHERS

When the Athenians were defeated, the Egestans turned for aid to the Carthaginians; but finding that their African allies did not mean to play them fair, they turned to Agathocles of Syracuse, who played them worse, and, watching his opportunity, massacred ten thousand of them, and enslaved the rest in order to seize the treasures with which



THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

"Crowning a knoll so steep"

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

SEGESTA

they were credited. He rechristened the city Dicæopolis. But brighter days were ahead for it. When the Romans came to Sicily in the first Punic War, they chose to identify the Elymians with the Trojans, and to regard the Egestans as brothers, but persuaded them to change their name to Segestans, because it was so ill-omened to have a name like Egestas (want).

THE BEAUTY OF THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

Hardly any Greek temple is more unforgettable than this perfect shell at Segesta. Its rusting stone has turned such a glorious salmon colour, its columns taper so airily, and give vistas of mountains between. Its grace is almost perfect; its outlines are so simple and majestic, and its position is so marvellously impressive. Standing upon a little hill amid wild mountains, it is, like the three great temples of Pæstum, lined not with flagstones, but with a flowery meadow glowing with marigolds and asphodels.

I could not persuade Miss L—— that there was any difficulty in building a temple of this kind.

"It is as simple as daylight," she said; "much easier to build than a railway station."

"But you've got to do it exactly right," I said. "No, worse than that; you've got to do it not exactly right, so that it may look right. The best Greek temples, which look the most upright things in the world, are not really perpendicular; their columns taper, not so much as this temple's columns, which are rather decadent, and all incline a trifle inwards."

THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SEGESTA

The theatre of Segesta is like other Sicilian theatres; it is hewn in the rock, and commands a view of the sea (and the sister city of Eryx). The diameter of the auditorium is two hundred and five feet, that of the stage ninety feet. There are six vomitories and traces of the theatre having been adapted by the Romans. It is very perfect. The last row of seats have curved backs, and there is a chamber up at the top on the right-hand side with a huge slab roof. Both the seats

THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SEGESTA

and the stage are built of fine, squared masonry, but this noble theatre is abandoned more than any other to the lizards for their eternal comedy.

The day we were there the lizards must have been more put out than usual, for there was a charmingly pretty and elegant and smart German woman, with a very gentlemanly-looking husband, being shown round by quite half a dozen people. The lizards must have stared, for they are only accustomed to Germans in mackintoshes, and perhaps they knew as well as I did what a very smart man a German had to be to look like that. Everything was being explained to them, unfortunately in German, though, to be sure, the Sicilian lizards may have got accustomed to the language by this time. The tourists from the Fatherland migrate to Sicily with the regularity of the quails. I noticed that, like ourselves, they had walked up from the valley where they had left their carriage, for there was neither horse, nor mule, nor ass waiting for them.

Segesta did not seem such a deserted place as we had heard it described; we saw shepherds or sportsmen on all the surrounding hills, and there were Sicilian visitors both before and after us. Suddenly my wife hailed us, and the word she said was "Train!"

AT CALATAFIMI

We decided that we should have liked to stay at Calatafimi. That chimneyless town in the clear mountain air stood out like a piece of carving, especially the ruined Saracenic castle and the ruinous convent with its brown battlements and mosque-like dome. In the little valley below were *gebbias* and wells, and nowhere else had we seen such groups of women drawing water into antique-looking pitchers and gliding away with them balanced on their shoulders--the perfection of grace.

As they came up from the valley they walked in Indian file up the narrow, stony paths, as if they had been as smooth as the roads, but on the road they walked two or three abreast, and when they were on a rise in front of you against the sky they looked as if they might have been taken from the frieze on the Parthenon. In different

SEGESTA

parts of the island they carry their pitchers in different ways ; here it is always on the shoulder. At Taormina it is always on the head ; but whichever way was in vogue at the place we were in was always the most graceful to Miss L.—.

My wife started her with a characteristic remark. She said that that brown, indistinguishable town, Calatafimi, looked like one house with a lot of bath-rooms tacked on—and it did as soon as you were half a mile out of it.

Miss L—— said it looked as if it had dropped down from some other planet. And then she compared some old prickly-pears to wicked old men ; but she had done this before, and we reminded her of it, and she really was quite confused till a washing-pool, where women in yellow headkerchiefs were drying clothes with an overhead wring quite new to us, came to her rescue.

THE DRIVE DOWN TO THE RAILWAY STATION

Soon we had crested the brow of the little basin in which the town lies, and were dashing downhill at quite a breakneck pace for Italy, where it is much easier to get your coachman to break your neck than to go the pace. We could see our route circling down the hills by the waving line of blue agaves at the side of the road, but it was difficult at first to take our eyes off the sea of mountains in front round the noble lion's head which we supposed to be Corleone. The country was really not rich, though the vines and almonds and olives, the tall agaves with their sword-like blades, the gaily-kerchiefed women with their great Greek jars, the white adobe walls and wayside washing-pools made the landscape delightfully varied to us ; and the hedges of the Sicilian reed, seen from above, made the gorge more than ever like Japan.

BRIGANDS AHOY !

Suddenly Miss L—— began to grow anxious.

"What is the matter?" I asked, and her answer showed how much more observant she was than I.

BRIGANDS

"Haven't you noticed," she asked, "that hardly any of the people we are passing know the driver?"

"No, I hadn't thought about it."

"I have," she said; "wherever you go you see the Sicilian people giving each other the Sicilian salute."

"What is the Sicilian salute?"

"Why, the half-raised hand."

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"Well, I think that all these men with asses and mules and guns and dogs and these goat-herds in their skin-clothes are brigands, and that they are just wondering whether we are worth ransoming; that's the only thing they molest foreigners for. The men don't look like what they are; they are such fine-looking men."

This sounded a little inconsequent, but some of the men with their top-boots and spurs, and blue, hooded cloaks falling in elegant folds on their mules, certainly did not look very much like peasants out to shoot small birds. At one time I really thought her fears were about to be realised, for just as we neared the railway station a cart drew up suddenly in front of the coach, and brought us to a dead stop, while two of the armed men on mules clattered up. But a second later I caught sight of three *bersaglieri* with their rifles at the port guarding nothing on earth apparently but the station monkey.

They did not have to fire. Perhaps the stopping of the coach and the riding up of the men was a pure coincidence.

The coach did look very appropriate for brigandage; it was the kind of coach you see starting for Cariboo from a little Canadian Pacific station, but it really did not go badly.

TEA AT ALCAMO STATION

The first use we made of our safety was to get out our tea-basket from the cloak-room, and monopolise the table and most of the seats in the tiny waiting-room. Presently the Germans came in, which reminds me that I have forgotten the most brigandy episode of the whole day. Seeing us hurry down in response to my wife's hail, they

SEGESTA

flew down too, and were nearly at their carriage when she slipped and fell. Instantly the rough-looking men who had been eyeing them from above in a most suspicious sort of way, though they had not even gone so far as to beg, rushed down. But all they did was to lift her up quite gently and help her down to her carriage. We had visions of heavy blackmail, but saw no money pass. When these two Germans came into the waiting-room we noticed that all the people who were with them waited outside. We were glad. We had only to make room for two people. Directly she was seated he went out and fetched a chair for her to put up her sprained foot. We felt that we ought to clear a sofa for her, but they would not hear of it; and when we tried to make the preparations for the tea less obtrusive, she smiled to the ladies that we were not to disturb ourselves.

So we finished our tea, and in the failing dusk glided out of the valley with its picturesque vines; caught a faint glimpse of distant Alcamo with its white domes and Saracen walls and tall, nodding stone-pines; and watched the long trail of carts and mules carrying people, who looked as if they had been taken from frescoes of the Holy Family, up to that Moorish-looking city. No one, not even the stationmaster, dares sleep in the valley below, for it is one of the most malarious spots in Sicily, and the kindly railway people warned us to close our windows, as sunset is the deadly hour.

THE EXPLANATION OF OUR BRIGANDS

When we got back to Palermo, and Miss L—— told the padrone's charming wife how scared she had been by brigands, and what a lot of desperate-looking characters we had seen, the padrona laughed.

"You were quite safe from brigands to-day," she said, "though the prefect must have thought it a bad place for them. There was quite a regiment of *bersaglieri* guarding you. All the sportsmen and goat-herds and country people, as well as the men in uniform at the station, were *bersaglieri*."

"Not all for us," said Miss L——, in the really innocent and childlike way she had at times.

SEGESTA IN THE PAGES OF VIRGIL

"No, not all for you," said the padrona, with southern politeness and wit ; "some of them were for the brother of the German Emperor and his wife, who also have been to Segesta to-day."

They were only his cousins, but a Prince and Princess of Prussia were quite big enough birds for brigands to hold to ransom ; and the Sicilian authorities were right in supposing that if they had been caught there would have been the devil to pay.

SEGESTA IN THE PAGES OF VIRGIL

Virgil says that Segesta (Egesta) was founded by Æneas for those who were too old or infirm to accompany him to Italy, and given into the charge of Acestes. He says (*Æn.* v., 711-718) :—

Est tibi Dardanius divinæ stirpis Acestes ;
Hunc cape consiliis socium, et conjunge volentem :
Huic trade, amissis superant qui navibus : et quos
Pertæsum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est,
Longævosque senes, ac fessas æquore matres,
Et quicquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est,
Delige ; et his habeant terris, sine, moenia fessi :
Urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.

"You have Trojan Acestes of divine original : admit him the partner of your counsels, and unite yourself to him your willing friend, to him deliver up such as are supernumerary now that you have lost some ships : choose out those who are sick of the great enterprise, and of your fortune ; the old with length of years oppressed, and the matrons fatigued with the voyage ; select the feeble part of your company and such as dread the danger, and, since they are tired out, let them have a settlement in these territories : they shall call the city Acesta by a licensed name."

And a little later on, lines 746-758, he says :—

Extemplo socios, primumque arcessit Acesten ;
Et Jovis imperium, et cari præcepta parentis
Edocet, et quæ nunc animo sententia constet.
Haud mora consiliis ; nec jussa recusat Acestes,
Transcribunt urbi matres, populumque volentem
Deponunt, animos nil magnæ laudis egentes.

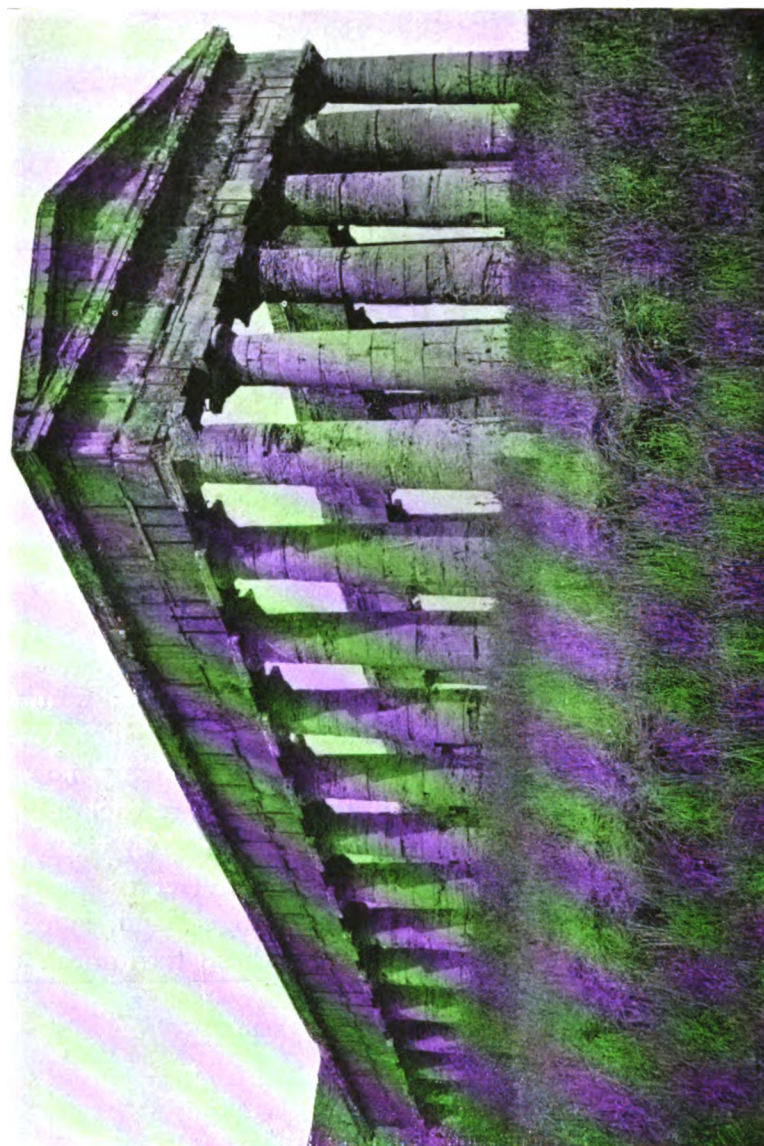


Photo by Incorpora

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT SEGESTA (ROBBED BY VERRES)

SEGESTA IN THE PAGES OF CICERO

Ipsi transtra novant, flammisque ambesa reponunt
Robora ; navigiis aptant remosque rudentesque ;
Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.
Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro,
Sortiturque domos : hoc, Ilium, et haec loca Trojæ
Esse jubet : gaudet regno Trojanus Acestes,
Indicique forum, et patribus dat jura vocatis.

“Forthwith he calls his followers, and first of all Acestes, and informs them of Jove’s command, and of the instructions of his beloved sire, and of the present settled purpose of his soul. No obstruction is given to his resolution ; nor is Acestes averse to the proposals made to him. They single out the matrons for the city and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, souls that had no desire of high renown. Themselves renew the benches and repair the boards half-consumed by the flames ; fit oars and cables to the ships ; in number inconsiderable, but of animated valour for war. Meanwhile Æneas marks out a city with the plough and assigns the houses by lot : here he orders a second Ilium to arise, and these places to be called after those of Troy. Trojan Acestes rejoices in his new kingdom ; institutes a court of judicature ; and, having assembled his senators, dispenses laws to his subjects.”

SEGESTA IN THE PAGES OF CICERO

Segesta, as I informed Miss L——, when we were chatting over our dessert, had had its brigands before the days of the Prince of Prussia and Mr. Forbes-Robertson. I told her Cardinal Newman’s experience, and carried her back to the days of the arch-brigand Verres.

Of Egesta, the Elymian city which lured the Athenians into their fatal expedition against Syracuse, we know little beyond its dishonest display of wealth, which made it seem a formidable ally. The other great Elymian city, Eryx, had, chiefly in its world-famous Temple of Venus, a vast treasure of silver plate. This and their own plate the Egestans—who also had a notable temple, that of Diana—with a fine Krugerian touch, had gilded.

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Of the life at Segesta, accepted as a sister city by Rome on account of its supposed founding by Trojans, we get one little glimpse from Cicero in his *Verres* :—"There is a woman, a citizen of Segesta, very rich and nobly born, by name Lamia. She having her house full of spinning-jennies, for three years was making him robes and coverlets, all dyed with purple."

GREAT WAS DIANA OF THE SEGESTANS

These Verres probably paid for in some direct or indirect fashion, but he took also from Segesta that which no money could buy—the thrice sacred image of Diana, the glory of the famous temple, which was ancient even in Cicero's day, and still stands one of the most beautiful objects we inherit from the antique world. Said Cicero to the judges of Verres—

"Segesta is a very ancient town, O judges, which its inhabitants assert was founded by Æneas when he was flying from Troy and coming to this country. And accordingly the Segestans think that they are connected with the Roman people, not only by a perpetual alliance with friendship, but even by some relationship. This town, as the state of the Segestans was at war with the Carthaginians on its own account and of its own accord, was formerly stormed and destroyed by the Carthaginians; and everything which could be any ornament to the city was transported from thence to Carthage. There was among the Segestans a statue of Diana, of brass, not only invested with the most sacred character, but also wrought with the most exquisite skill and beauty. When transferred to Carthage it only changed its situation and its worshippers; it retained its former sanctity. For on account of its eminent beauty it seemed, even to their enemies, worthy of being most religiously worshipped."

When Publius Scipio Africanus the Younger took Carthage "some ages afterwards," he restored the sacred image to its ancient situation at Segesta with a very lofty pedestal, "on which was cut in large letters the name of Publius Africanus," and a statement was also

DIANA OF THE SEGESTANS

engraved that he restored it after having taken Carthage. Said Cicero—"It was worshipped by the citizens; it was visited by all strangers; when I was Quæstor it was the very first thing they showed me. It was a very large and tall statue, with a flowing robe; but, in spite of its large size, it gave the idea of the age and dress of a virgin. Her arrows hung from her shoulder, in her left hand she carried her bow, her right hand held a burning torch."

Verres cared neither for its sacredness nor for the fact that it was a monument of the greatest triumph and the greatest general of Republican Rome; and, when he could not bribe anyone in Segesta to remove it, hired barbarians from Lilybæum. There were men alive old enough to remember the proud day on which it was brought back as a monument of the destruction of Carthage. Now says Cicero—"All the matrons and virgins of Segesta came together when Diana was being taken out of their city. They anointed her with precious unguents; they crowned her with chaplets and flowers; they attended her to the borders of their territory with frankincense and burning perfumes."

The Publius Scipio of Cicero's day was among the defenders of Verres till Cicero silenced him with this silent impeachment from Segesta. Fortunately for Verres, Virgil did not give Segesta its niche in the epic of Rome, the *Æneid*, till a generation later. Virgil invented a hero, Acestes, from whom the city is supposed to have taken its name, and describes the foundation of the city in the fifth *Æneid*, at the same time as he makes Æneas found the temple to his mother, Venus, in the other Elymian city of Eryx.

"I don't call Acestes very like Segesta," said Miss L——; "but I suppose it was near enough for Virgil."

And she added when I shut the *Cicero*, "It is rather a far cry from Verres and Virgil to Newman."

"Yes, but in all its two dozen centuries of existence few greater men than John Henry Newman have ever trodden the steps of that temple."

SEGESTA

CARDINAL NEWMAN UPON THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA.

Newman, I explained, drove from Palermo through Alcamo to Calatafimi, a distance of forty-three miles, and rode from Calatafimi to Segesta and back on a mule. He describes his experiences thus :—

“ I recommended a slight ‘refection,’ as Lady Margaret would say, before starting on our mules ; so after an egg or two, we set off for the Temple, which is four miles off, and which came in sight suddenly after we had advanced about a mile. Oh, that I could tell you one-quarter what I have to say about it ! First, the surrounding scene on approaching it is a rich valley—now, don’t fancy valleys and hills as in England ; it is all depth and height, nothing lumpish—and even at this season the colouring is rich. We went through groves of olive and prickly-pear, and by orange orchards, till we came to a steep hill covered with ruins. We wound up the ascent—once, doubtless, a regular road to the city gate—and, on surmounting the brow, we saw what we had seen at a distance (and what we saw also afterwards at the end of a long valley on leaving the plain of Castel-a-mare for Palermo), the Temple. Here the desolation was a striking contrast to the richness of the valley we had been passing. The hill on which we stood was covered with ruins, especially of a theatre. Opposite to it a precipitous rock started out of the ravine below. On the hill beyond it there were, as on our hill, ruins, and we conjectured they might mark the site of the Greek town ; but on the circular hill there was nothing but a single temple. Such was the genius of ancient Greek worship—grand in the midst of error, simple and unadorned in its architecture. It chose some elevated spot, and fixed there its solitary witness, where it could not be hid. I believe it is the most perfect building remaining anywhere—Doric ; six gigantic pillars before and behind, twelve in length, no roof. Its history is unknown. The temples of later and classical times have vanished—the whole place is one ruin except this in the waste of solitude. A shepherd’s hut is near and a sort of farmyard—a number of eager dogs—a few

CARDINAL NEWMAN UPON SEGESTA

rude, intrusive men, who would have robbed us, I fancy, had they dared. On the hill on which the theatre stood was a savage-looking bull prowling amid the ruins. Mountains around Eryx in the distance. The past and present! Once these hills were full of life! I began to understand what Scripture means when speaking of lofty cities vaunting in the security of their strongholds. What a great but ungodly sight was this place in its glory! And then its history, to say nothing of Virgil's fictions. Here it was that Nicias came; this was the ally of Athens. What a strange place! How did people take it into their heads to plant themselves here?"

And elsewhere he writes that in all Sicily "the chief sight has been Egesta (Segesta), its ruins, with its temple. Oh, wonderful sight!—full of the most strange pleasure. Strange, from the position of the town, its awful desolateness, the beauty of the scenery—rich even in winter—its historical recollections, by contrast with the misery of the population, the depth of squalidness and brutality by which it is surrounded. It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta!"*

Goethe, when he visited this temple, had no remarks to make about it beyond a technical architectural description. The warmest praise it wrung from him was that "The restoration, which was carried on in 1781, had done much good to the building," and that "the cutting of the stone with which the parts have been reconnected is simple but beautiful." And he qualified even this grudging tribute by remarking, almost immediately below, that "The wearisomeness of winding through the insignificant ruins of a theatre took away from us all the pleasures we might otherwise have had in visiting the remains of the ancient city."

It was almost as far a cry from Newman to Goethe as it was from Newman to Verres.

As we trained it back to Palermo, we were more than ever at a loss to understand why more people do not make this trip to Marsala. Numbers of people go from Palermo to Girgenti, where there is nothing to see in the neighbourhood of the city. If they

* From *The Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, edited by Mrs. Mozley Longmans), 2nd edition, vol. i. p. 307.

SEGESTA

take the much easier trip to Marsala, by driving from the Alcamo station to Segesta, they can see the most beautiful Greek temple in Sicily; by driving from the Castelvetro station they can see, beautifully situated close to the seashore amid the richest wild flowers of the island, Selinunte, the most extensive mass of Greek ruins in Europe. At Marsala, the ancient Lilybæum, they can see the world-famous wine-industry, the underground city, and the principal traces of the Carthaginians in Sicily; while from Trapani—a short run by rail—they can see Mount Eryx crowned with a city contained in the very walls that contained it when Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, tried to transfer its inhabitants to his newly-founded city of Drepanum, and Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, took it by storm.

The route abounds in ruins, and was the cock-pit of the long warring between the Carthaginians and the Greeks, and the Carthaginians and the Romans for Sicily—the pivot of the world known to the ancients.

CHAPTER III.

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

Et Vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia cæcis.
VIRGIL, *Æneid* iii., 706.

MARSALA

THE Messrs. Whitaker, whose "Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s" Marsalas are so well known, invited us to spend as much time as we could spare at their *baglj* at Marsala, the ancient Lilybaeum, and Castelvetro; and we were very glad to accept not only on account of what we were going to see, but for the novel experience of staying in thoroughly Sicilian houses. Our whole party were invited.

DIFFICULTY OF GETTING AWAY FROM A STATION

We left Palermo at half-past one in the afternoon from the convenient Lolli Station, where, for some reason best known to the *Ferrovia Sicula Occidentale*, the train starts twenty minutes later than



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

CARRYING THE GRAPES AT MARSALA

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

it does from the Central Station, though the distance is not much over three miles ; but, as it takes nearly six hours to go the hundred miles from Palermo to Marsala, time is evidently not of much consequence. Of course, it is quite absurd to cover a hundred miles between Palermo and Marsala when the distance is only about fifty miles as the crow flies, but the train goes in a big loop, so as to take in some places on the southern coast. When we got to Marsala, at ten minutes past seven, we anticipated the usual dreary delay in securing possession of our luggage and getting to our destination. There are not many things more trying than arriving at a Sicilian station, where the railway people may take an hour getting your luggage through from the guard's van to the street, while you are defending your small baggage from all the retired bandits in the place. But we found Marsala an agreeable exception. The place has been run by Englishmen for so much of the century that it is quite businesslike. Two of Messrs. Whitaker's traps, and I don't know how many men, met us, and we were driven straight to dinner at the *baglio* with the assurance that our luggage, small and great, would follow us without our giving it a thought. This is the pleasantest end to a long journey.

Not only do Mr Gray, the manager, and his family live there, but also several of the numerous English staff, the exceptions being mostly the married clerks. All, however, both the manager's family and the whole staff, breakfast and dine together in true patriarchal fashion ; in short, in the old factory style of John Company. There is ample room in the large, airy premises.

In the morning I meant to start going over the wine establishment. One of the principal reasons I had for going to Marsala was that I have a penchant for seeing the biggest things, and this is, of course, one of the world-famed industries.

At dawn we were awakened by the unfamiliar noise of coopering, and all day long there was the rumbling of great lean casks being rolled through the big court in front of the house. When, added to this, you noticed the sentry patrolling outside the gate with his long gun, you could not help recalling the Tennysonian line—

“ So all day long the noise of battle roll'd.”

AT THE BAGLIO INGHAM



THE BAGLIO INGHAM AND ITS COURT

On stepping out of the Southern-looking house, with its classic portico, and broad-awninged balcony above, into the great court, we were arrested, after walking a few yards, by the vista, right and left, of arch beyond arch, each the centre of a huge block of buildings, imperceptibly dying away in the distance.

We were taken first to the *refettorio*—the workmen's mess-room—a long, picturesque hall with bright orange-painted arches. Little jars of old Greek shapes caught our eye, and they seemed to be arranged in numbers, six or seven together, and this showed us at once how the men divide themselves up into messes of six or seven. The *refettorio*, with its kitchens attached, the “lengthy vista” of whose arches recalls the monastic refectories, presents a busy scene during the breakfast and dinner hours ; and the food most favoured by the workmen, besides the coarse bread, of which they eat large quantities, is fish—principally

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

sardines, cuttle-fish—small octopi; vegetables of all kinds, dressed with oil and flavoured with onions or with garlic; macaroni and fruit; whilst of wine, which is given with a liberal hand, they consume a hogshead and more per diem. Butcher's meat rarely forms part of the menu except on Sundays and *feste*. The *refettorio* is lined throughout with sloping plank-beds six feet long, like those one sees in monasteries and guard-houses, and here men and boys all lie down with their heads to the wall for the *siesta* so acceptable, indeed so necessary, in the long summer afternoons.

There are twenty-seven wine stores besides the Cognac stores. The wine stores have many windows, and they are roofed with tiles simply laid on open canework, for thorough ventilation is all important in the maturing of the rich, full-bodied wines of sunny Sicily. The stores are not underground cellars; they are all aboveground—long, lofty, picturesque buildings with pointed arches. The interminable rows of casks, tier above tier, are most striking, and there are barrels of all descriptions ranging from the casks of colossal

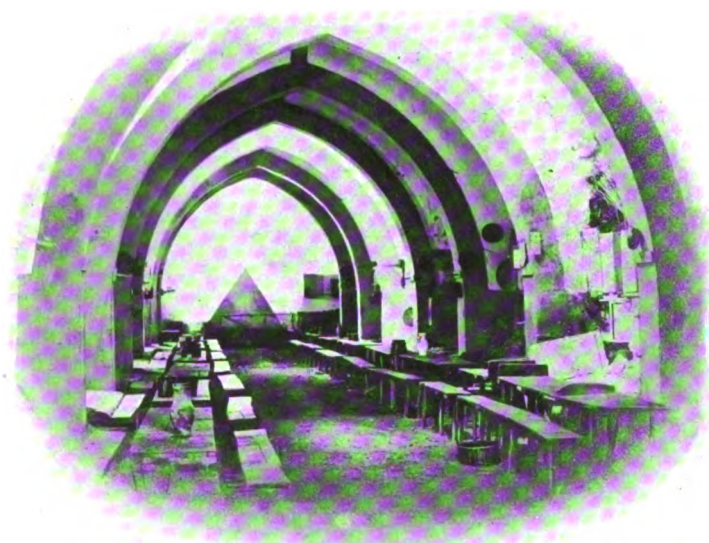


Photo by]

[Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE REFETTORIO

SICILIAN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

proportions, almost rivalling the Heidelberg tun, down to the modest octave.

The store casks are of many sizes, varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ pipes to 90 pipes. Those in which the wines are left to mature are chiefly *ottantini* (holding $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ pipes) and *carratoni* ($3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pipes), for it is found that wines ripen better and sooner in casks of moderate size, although, of course, the big casks are the more suitable for blending purposes. The casks in which shipments of old and fully-matured wines are made to different parts of the world are :—

Pipes . . .	containing about 93 imperial gallons, say 400 litres.
Hogsheads . . .	" " 47 " " " 200 "
Quarter-casks . . .	" " 23 " " " 100 "
Octaves . . .	" " 11 " " " 50 "

The designation of the wine casks at Marsala is as follows :—

English.	Italian.	Sicilian.	Capacity.
Caratone . . .	Caratone . . .	Caratone . . .	{ Large casks (above puncheons).
Puncheons . . .	Bottacci . . .	Bottacci . . .	
Butts* . . .	Botti . . .	Botti grandi . . .	615 litres.
Pipes . . .	Pippe . . .	Botti usuali . . .	110 gallons.
Hogsheads . . .	Mezze-pippe . . .	Mezze-botti . . .	93 gallons.
Quarter-casks . . .	Quarti . . .	Quartoroli† . . .	46 gallons.
Octaves . . .	Ottavi . . .	Ottavi . . .	23 gallons.
Sixteenths . . .	Sedicesimi . . .	Trentini‡ . . .	11 gallons.
			26 litres.

These last are the small barrels used for bringing wine in from the country, and Florio and some other firms also ship wines in small casks of this capacity.

The new wine is put into the biggest store casks as it is brought in from the country, and it is reinforced with a small quantity of spirit distilled from wine in their own distillery. It is left to settle down and get clear, after which it is subjected to the usual course of rackings, most frequent in the first year, and less year by year as the wine gets older and throws smaller quantities of lees, until at last, fully matured, it is fit to be fined and shipped off to its destination, wherever that may be. Throughout all the years that the

* Same size as sherry butts. † Spelling only a guess. ‡ i.e. 30 quartucci=26 litres.

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

young wines are ripening into old wines they are carefully watched, and the Sicilian proverb, *La cannata consa lo vino*—"Tis the can [racking-can] that makes the wine"—is most true as far as concerns the rich, full-bodied wines of Sicily.



ANCIENT "TUNS" IN THE BAGLIO INGHAM

The new wines are generally brought in from the country to the *baglio* in the small barrels known as *quarantini* (about $7\frac{1}{2}$ imperial gallons), *trentini* ($5\frac{1}{2}$ imperial gallons), and *ventini* ($3\frac{3}{4}$ imperial gallons), so called because of their holding respectively forty, thirty, and twenty *quartucci* of the long-since-abolished liquid measure dating back many centuries. Just as the Sicilian coinage was replaced by the *lira* and the *centesimo* after the memorable May 11th, 1860, when Garibaldi landed at Marsala and the dream of a united Italy was realised, so also had the old Sicilian weights and measures to give way to the Continental decimal system. The older country folk to the present day make all money calculations in *onzi*, *tari*, and *grani*; whilst both old and young understand the *quartuccio* infinitely better

THE WINE-PRESSING

than the *litro*, and the *rotolo* than the *kilogramme*. The tasting of the new wines begins in the Marsala district a few days before the feast of St. Martin (November 11th), the patron saint of vintners. Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co. do not grow many grapes, for although they have vineyards on their estate—Musciuleo, about ten miles from Marsala—the crop forms a very trifling part of their annual requirements. They buy grapes, *mosto* (the fresh, unfermented juice of grapes), and new wines not only in the Marsala territory, but in many neighbouring districts, such as Mazzara, Campobello, Castelvetro, Castellamare del Golfo, Balestrate, and Partinico. The vines are of many varieties, amongst which I may mention some of the favourites, say “Cataratti,” “Pignatelli,” and “Inzolia.”

They have five auxiliary *baglj* situated at Musciuleo, Campobello, Castelvetro, Balestrate, and Vittoria—this last used only in connection with the distillation of wine into strong spirit for reinforcement of young Marsalas. The others serve as depôts for temporary storage of the new wines bought in the surrounding country, whence in the early spring these wines are gradually transported to the big *baglio* at Marsala.

THE WINE-PRESSING

The grapes are brought into the *baglj* at Marsala and Campobello in large tubs, called *tini*, on carts, each tubful of grapes producing



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cosins.

TREADING OUT THE GRAPES

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

on an average about one pipe of fresh *mosto*. At Balestrate the grapes are brought in a kind of barrel, called *mucina*, fourteen of which form a cartload. Here the grapes are bought by weight, whilst at all other places the farmers are paid for the quantity of

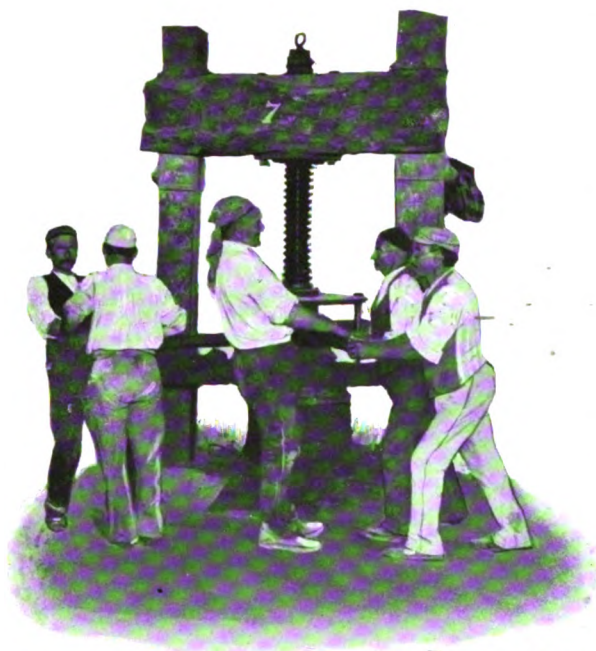


Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

ANCIENT WOODEN WINE-PRESS

mosto they tread out of their grapes in the *baglio palmenti*, or treading vats. The process of treading out the grapes is a very simple but interesting one. The grapes are put into the *palmento*--a kind of stone trough--and are then trodden out by men who wear large and specially heavy boots for the purpose. After the first treading all that remains of the grapes is put in a corner of the *palmento*, and as much *mosto* as possible is squeezed out. They are then spread about the *palmento* once more, and the process of treading is repeated. After

the third time the husks are put into rush baskets, and are submitted to the heavy pressure of the *torchio Genovese*, a very old-fashioned but highly effective wooden press. Ponderous and unwieldy wooden presses only were used originally, but now neat iron presses have largely replaced them.

Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co., "obligate" the farmers in advance for their grapes, and they send their brokers round at intervals during the winter and spring to make sure that the vines are being properly pruned and cultivated; and they are specially careful at the vintage season that the farmers do not gather their grapes until they are really ripe. The vineyards are wonderfully

MAKING THE CASKS

picturesque when the grapes are hanging down in rich clusters and the men, women, and boys are gathering them in their neat little baskets.

MAKING THE CASKS

The cooperage is one of the most interesting features of the establishment. They can put on five gangs to make casks, each gang consisting of twelve men and three boys. The staves, which are of American white oak, are partly shaped, and the casks themselves are put together by hand, but all else is done with the aid of machinery. Half-formed casks are steamed under galvanised iron cones which look like diving-bells; then a cresset of flaming shavings is placed inside each embryo cask, and three strong men, working with perfect rhythm, drive down the iron "trussing" bands, and shape into a cask what were before so many straight pieces of wood. There are circular saws, with a blade at each end, for cutting staves to the required length; the stave is put in a rack and pushed against the saws, and both ends are taken off so as to run no risk of splits or faults. The headings are put under a roller press, and whilst their surfaces are being planed and made perfectly even, a concaved circular saw, furnished with six sloping chisels, cuts the bevels, and after a brief operation, which makes a noise for all the world like the blowing off of steam through a safety valve, out come the finished headings. The ends which have been cut off the staves are made into bungs by an automatic machine, which can be adjusted to fourteen different sizes. Another simple little machine splays the hoops, so that they may fit the swelling sides of casks and drop at once into position, instead of having to be shaped and beaten on with a hammer.

I was very much interested in the rotary machinery for washing casks, some of which were being washed with water only, some with water and chains, and some with weak spirits. Every now and then the machinery would reverse, so that no spot in the cask might escape. The new casks are steamed to get the sap and bitterness out of the oak wood, and this notwithstanding that the

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

staves themselves before they go into the cooperage are well steamed in an enormous iron tank. After being steamed the casks are thoroughly dried with hot air, driven in by a powerful mechanical fan,

and then, filled with "low" wine, they are put aside for a while to get well seasoned, so that there shall be no fear whatever of "woodiness" in the shipping wines presently to be put into them. Here, as in other parts of the establishment, there are duplicate engines and boilers, in order that work need never be stopped for cleaning or for repairs. The coal is ordered from England (200 tons at a time) twice a year.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE KITCHEN OF THE WORKMEN

In the staveyard there are many thousands of staves piled in tall stacks, all of American white oak, except a limited quantity destined for bung staves and tap centre-pieces, for which are preferred Calabrian oak staves, because of their remarkable toughness.

The smithy, the carpenters' shop, the engineers' workshops have each of them their special attractions; while the *conzatori's* shed, where casks that may stand in need of repair get rejuvenated, is most picturesque with its vine *pergola* and big fig-trees, to the grateful shade of which the *conzatori* in the summer transfer their work from under the shed.

THE DISTILLERIES

THE DISTILLERIES

They have two distilleries at the *baglio*—one producing very fine strong spirit for reinforcing the young wines, the other for making Cognac or, as it is more correctly termed, Sicilian brandy.

The strong spirit still, which is worked by steam, produces on an average three pipes per day of spirit of ninety-five degrees *Gay-Lussac*; and the Cognac still, also worked by steam, turns out two and a quarter pipes per day, of which one half is sixty-two degrees and the other half about thirty degrees *Gay-Lussac*. The strong spirit still is worked by a Sicilian, and that of the Cognac by a French expert from the Charente district.

The strong spirit still is a huge affair, with its great analysing and rectifying columns, and its two big feeding vats up aloft—the upper one for water and the lower one for the wine. One's attention is attracted also by two *recipienti* like locomotor boilers, into which the distillates run, the strong spirit into one and the weak spirit, which is rectified afterwards, into the other. Both the water and the wine are pumped up by steam pumps, and the still is on the "continuous" system, and is not unlike the ordinary *Æneas Coffey* still. A reversible board above the stillhouse door shows whether distillation or rectification is being carried on; this is required by Government.

At the Cognac distillery we noticed three pipes running along the wall, and were informed that these were for steam, water, and wine respectively. In making Cognac the wine is pumped up by steam power from a big vat under the floor, fed by a channel across the floor from the door, to a large tank, from which it passes through the various columns, tubes, and so on, of the still, and finally runs out into receptacles which have a curious registering apparatus attached to them, something like the machines which register the money taken at popular bars such as the "Criterion." The Cognac still is specially arranged for distilling water whilst the wine distillation is going on. The fumes from this still are very overpowering. We saw a *batteur*, which is a sort of churn, and which is used for thoroughly mixing together, or, as is said in technical language, blending different distillations.

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

THE SCENE AT THE BAGLIO

The *baglio* presents a scene of the greatest activity—young wines coming in from the country, old wines being rolled out to the wharf for shipment; empty casks rumbling along in one direction, full casks in another; machinery working everywhere—in the cooperage, under the cask-washing shed, in the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, and in the distilleries. All work is done on the premises, and the *baglio* from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week is like a busy little town. The men, on leaving the *baglio* every evening, are searched by one of the staff, and this is necessary because of the extraordinary craving they have to take away mementoes in the shape of an old file, a plane-iron, or such, though sometimes their peculations take a more serious form. They are, indeed, occasionally marked by positive ingenuity, as, for instance, when it was discovered that some of the men had specially constructed tin vessels to fit their chests under the clothing, and capable of containing a pint or two of wine or spirit, the frequent smuggling of which would soon amount to a considerable quantity.

The stores are, of course, all numbered, but they are not familiarly known by their numbers, but by their names—"Il Pioppo," "Il Gallinaro," "Il San Leonardo," and so on. The "Angelo" is the oldest store in the *baglio*, and over its door we noticed a stone tablet bearing the date 1812.

Some of the sheds in the *baglio*, where we saw *culatoj* with filtering bags full of wine lees in them strung up to the rafters, struck us as bearing a ghastly resemblance to the execution ground at Canton. There are towers to guard the gateways, which are kept by watchmen with blunderbusses. This is a relic of the long Napoleonic wars, when Marsala was particularly open to descents from the Spanish ports.

We noticed two fire-engines on the premises, but happily there has never been occasion, we were told, to call their services into use.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MARSALA WINES AND BRANDIES

What is known as the "Solera" system prevails at Ingham's *baglio*. The cask of "mother wine" being never more than half

WINE VESSELS USED AT THE BAGLIO INGHAM

emptied, the quantity drawn off is immediately replaced with an equal quantity from another cask of the next oldest wine, which in its turn is filled up from a cask of wine one year younger still, and



Photo by]

[Mr. R. B. Cossin.

WINE VESSELS USED AT THE BAGLIO INGHAM

so on for quite a long series of years. Some of the "Solera" casks of the famous vintages of 1834 and 1836 are very picturesque with their musty sides and billowy ends.

To rear the full-bodied wines of Marsala and bring them to maturity frequent rackings are necessary, and these are made not with pumps, but with the old-fashioned racking-can, which reminds one of the cider jugs one sees in Normandy.

As their Marsala business is solely for wines in the wood, they do not bottle any of their wines. They ship off many thousands of pipes of Marsala in the course of the year, and they ship to all parts of the world.

The prices at which they ship their Marsalas are practically what they were and always have been; but the prices of the new wines they buy, what with 33 per cent. land tax, 29 per cent. income tax, and a host of minor state, provincial, and communal imposts, are very different from what they were before the days of a united Italy.

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

They will soon begin to bottle their Sicilian mountain brandies, for which work they have recently got from Cognac itself the necessary plant of the latest and most approved description. This brandy industry was started in 1892, and they have shipped certain quantities of Sicilian mountain brandy to London in cask. They are now on the point of beginning to sell in bottle in Italy, as the brandy is well matured and is fit for consumption.

The firm have never suffered from the depredations of privateers or mobs. Details of Garibaldi's landing at Marsala, and the condition of Marsala at that time, are given below.

Among the most characteristic features of Marsala are the religious processions, such as those of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and the Corpus Domini.

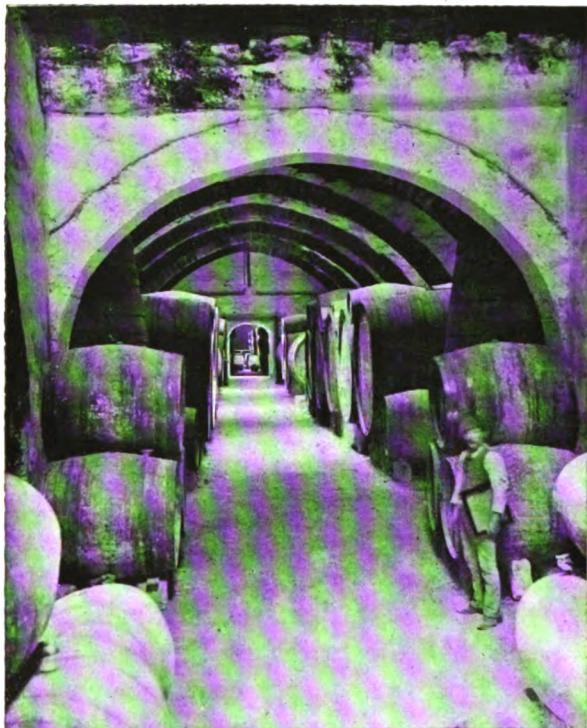


Photo by Mr. R. B. Collins.

ONE OF THE WINE STORES

The first of these represents the last scenes of the life of our Saviour, and the second is purely devoted to the sorrows of the Virgin Mary. On the day of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary (December 8th)—here called "Immacolata"—there is a handsome banner carried by one of Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s working men, which was subscribed for by the men and cost 775 *lire*. It is made of silk, with the following words worked in gold letters: "Società dei maestri dei Signori Ingham, Whitaker & Co.,

IN AN OLD GARDEN AT MARSALA

Marsala, al nome di Maria Immacolata." The procession on Corpus Domini is composed of men who balance enormous Venetian masts, which go by the name of *stendardi* (standards) in Marsala, on their chins, foreheads, and elbows. This is an old Saracenic custom. On the masts are attached various representations; for instance, San Francesco di Paolo is represented by a ship; San Giovanni Battista (St. John the Baptist) by a lamb; San Michele Arcangelo by a pair of scales; the Virgin Mary by a half moon; and various other representations.

THE GARDEN OF THE BAGLIO INGHAM

It is not easy to exaggerate the charm of that walled-in Sicilian garden, with its hedges of genesta and wild asparagus; and that Sicilian arbour which looked over the top of the wall on a great square gebbia, or plaster-lined Saracenic cistern.

We did not enjoy anything in our whole stay in Sicily more than this visit to Marsala. Everything was so deliciously foreign. The very garden had a cornfield in the middle and was surrounded by a tall adobe wall. At Marsala they reap their corn in May. Some of the hedges were of genesta, and some were of wild asparagus, which is not asparagus at all really, but a plant familiarly known as Butcher's Broom, with a tiny white flower growing up the middle of each leaf, which in the fulness of time turns to a red berry. It grows wild in the English woods too, and its edible shoots, which look just like lean green specimens of the real asparagus, are sold in the market at Bath, but it has a bitter taste. We often had it for dinner in Sicily, where boiled borage and many other vegetables familiar enough in name, but seldom seen on the English table, in a cooked form at any rate, are eaten, generally prepared with the rich, full-flavoured olive-oil of the island.

The garden had fascinating walks—a vine walk, an oleander walk, and an avenue of trees—which I think are the lilac-blossomed Paulownia, called kiri in Japan. And there was a summer-house, almost smothered in a great vine, on a little hill which commanded a view of the sea. The garden was wonderfully Eastern-looking. The



LA RACALIA

The country house of the Messrs. Whitaker, near Marsala

LA RACALIA—A SICILIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

long adobe wall had a little red roof—such as you get in Japan or China—to prevent the moisture soaking through its top and disintegrating it. It was studded at intervals by little domed watch-towers. The summer-house commanded a view not only of the sea, but of a ducks' sty, a kennel of sporting dogs, a field of the blue-foliaged Sicilian artichoke, and a big white *gebbia*, which is filled from an adjacent well by a "Jacob's ladder" or endless chain of buckets, worked by a blindfolded mule going its monotonous round.

THE DRIVE OUT TO RACALIA

In the afternoon Mr. Gray arranged that we should drive out and see the Messrs. Whitakers' country-house at Racalia. I am not sure, if we had known what driving is like in the back parts of Sicily, that we should have faced that journey. The roads are simply infernal. They would be like macadamised roads after they have received a new coat of broken granite, and before the steam-roller has passed over them, but for one thing, and that is that macadamised roads are not strewn with boulders at intervals of a foot or two.

THE ROAD SHRINES OF MARSALA

The principal thing we noticed, besides the people riding on mules in clothes of colours and shapes which would have done for the Holy Family (the roads were really mule-paths), was the inordinate number of wayside shrines. Those shrines were the best we had seen anywhere in Sicily, the favourite pattern being the sort of *edicula* so popular in the street of ancient tombs at Athens, which is like a tall tombstone with a shallow panel sunk in it under a sort of architrave for some scene in bas-relief. Dotted about, also, were the little white or red villas of prosperous Marsala tradesmen, all of them with tall vases on their flat tops, and some with a tall palm tree in the corner of the garden. Marsala and Trapani are so prosperous that people can live outside them without any fear of brigands. In Sicily, brigandage is in inverse ratio to wages. Most of these villas and their wine stores (nearly every villa has its

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

wine store) had diminutive stone crosses fixed in the roof above the door; many, besides the cross, had a representation in stone of a flame of fire at the other end of the roof-ridge. I have not noticed this peculiarity in any other part of the island. There was nothing else to see on the way to Racalia except a few carob trees, some big asphodels, some very little wild palms, some splendid purple anemones, and harts'-tongue ferns. At the season of the year, say in January, there would have been sheets of almond blossom.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE VINTAGE AT MARSALA

THE FAIRY-LIKE BEAUTY OF RACALIA

Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s country house, "Racalia," is about five and a half miles from Marsala by the road, and is built on the side of a hill, giving a beautiful view of the country below extending to the sea, with the small islands of San Pantaleo, Isola Lunga, and Santa Maria in the adjacent *stagnone*; and, beyond, the larger islands of Marittimo, Favignana, and Levanzo, belonging to the Ægatian group. The town of Trapani can also be seen, and

THE FAIRY-LIKE BEAUTY OF RACALIA

even the *campanili* of the churches of Monte San Giuliano (Mount Eryx).

La Racalia is a place to dream about. I am not sure that it would be much of a place to live at except in very hot weather. The ladies said that there did not seem to be any portion of the house where you could hide from draughts on a cold day, but on a warm afternoon like this they felt quite sure that they were in fairy-land. It was the sort of place where you could much better imagine Boccaccio's young gentlemen and ladies flirting and telling each other questionable stories than a good housewife bustling about. To get up to the house you had to climb sweeping flights of mossy steps, some stone and some terra-cotta, and, as if the stairway could not be like enough to the approach of a Japanese temple without, squatting on its top were two lions with absurd grins, for all the world like our old friends Ama-inu and Coma-inu, the ancestors of the Lion and the Unicorn. Miss L. almost cried, the place was so picturesque. It was the spot she had been dreaming about all her life, with its papyrus-shadowed Palermo fountain in the midst of palms, bamboos, carobs, daturæ, and nespoli. The house itself, red-roofed and green-jalousied, and with a sky-blue-ceilinged loggia in the middle of its upper story, was most fantastic, and it was filled with the scent of thickets of broom, wattle, and honey flowers. There were flights and flights of mossy steps, and plaster seats in the shape of antique couches, and aloes as stiff as goats' horns, and agaves branching out of glazed urns. The very washing-pool was under a cool Capri arch, and tufted with maidenhair. There were oleander trees nine inches through, and aloes springing out of the decaying tree stumps; pools fed from a clear stream to swim in, and a wishing-well down mossy steps.

The "trifoglio," the yellow Sicilian weed, shone out of its delicate green trefoiled leaves at every turn; its green comes very near to the indescribable tint of young rice. The gardener called it the American herb.

All you wanted was a company of pretty actors and actresses, with dresses by Burne-Jones. The etceteras were there. Perhaps the

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

two things which charmed Miss L. most were the noble banks of ivy and the copper-tinted leaves of the carob.

Fruit and wine were laid for us on the little marble tables of the loggia—real fruit, and not the gold glasses painted half full of wine with which people carouse on the stage. But we felt as if we were acting in *Romeo and Juliet* all the same.

THE VIEW OUTSIDE AND THE DRIVE HOME

When we were sufficiently refreshed we were conducted up from the back of the house to a sort of wild tableland strewn with boulders, asphodels, wild palms, wild olives, wild fennel, and wild onions, with yellow flowers—not worth a cent, any of them, to any living thing except bees and broom-makers. The abomination of desolation was only relieved by two tall stone-pines which Sicilians love to plant in outstanding situations.

The house has a domed Moorish chapel with Christian texts and pomegranates and other Eastern effects, but almost the prettiest patch of colour in a place where all the houses are decked with bright white or bright red, and the people with bright blue, was the bluish, greenish, silverish field of the Sicilian artichoke.

From the tableland we could see many little towered houses with Moorish-looking roofs, and a house, like the Bluebeard's castle in the fairy-books, striped red and white, which was to show, I suppose, how bloodthirsty Bluebeard was. The little *edicule* were bright blue and as ubiquitous as the noble dark-foliaged carobs.

As we drove home through the Asiatic-looking streets with their blind yellow walls, our coachman was sometimes obliged to forget his dignity, and call out "Ah-tay!" like a cart-driver, for the road was thick with men riding back from their work with their long blue cloaks making a sort of tent over their mules, and some of them with their hoods turned up over their heads.

When we got back to the three great *baglj* it gave Miss L—quite a thrill of pleasure to see their lofty yellow walls, and the patrols of Custom House guards watching the long coast-line.

MOTYA, THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT IN SICILY

We had a gentleman with us who did not take a great deal of interest in the remnants of the mighty bastions, fabulously old, of Lilybæum, the last great fortress of the Carthaginians in Sicily; or in the recently excavated Marsala vase, one of the finest which has come down to us from antiquity, preserved in the cathedral. Nor could he see why Miss L—— and I took such pleasure in hunting up fine specimens of the little mediæval palaces of the lesser nobles. But the *baglj*, the subterranean city, the landing-place of Garibaldi, the boat expedition to the island of Motya (the firstfruits of Carthaginian colonisation in Sicily), all afforded the kind of sight-seeing he liked, and most of the work-people had some coin or vases dug up in tilling the vineyards for him to bargain over. He had an insatiable appetite for bargaining, and all the things he bought in Sicily did not cost him above a week of his income.



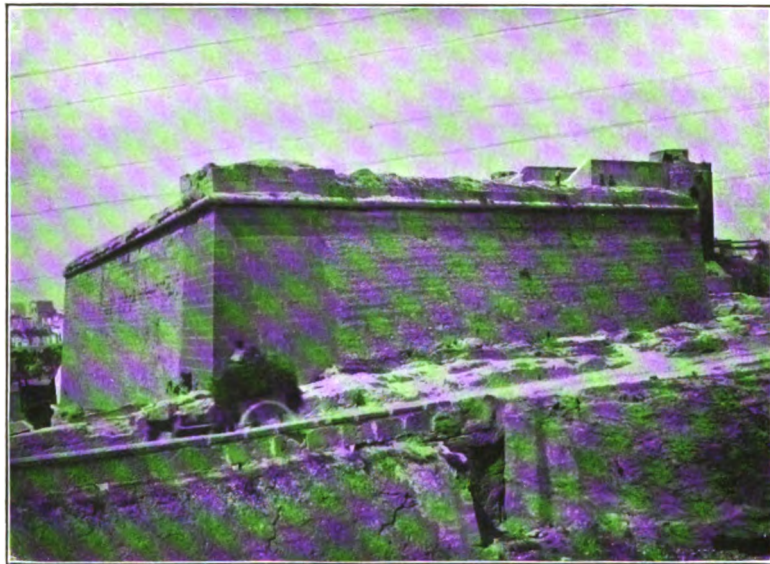
Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE MARSALA VASE

MOTYA, THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT IN SICILY

Our visit to Motya, or, as it is now called, S. Pantaleo, convinced me more than ever that though visitors to Sicily are generally foolish enough to miss going to Marsala, Marsala is one of the most interesting places in the island—more interesting, as far as classical antiquities are concerned, than Palermo, though more perhaps to be compared to Syracuse, which it could not hope to rival.

At Marsala one is brought in contact with a fresh influence; for,



THE GREAT BASTION AT MARSALA

SPEAKING SICILIAN

as Syracuse is Greek, so is Marsala Carthaginian. A little from Marsala, connected with it by a causeway, but more easily to be reached by boat, is the tiny island of S. Pantaleo. It is only a mile and a half round, but it is immortal, for this was the original stronghold of African dominion in Southern Europe, just as the Dutch in Japan were at first confined to the island of Deshima, at Nagasaki—a measure dictated to them by the powerful Shogun, and gladly accepted for its additional security. Just as the Portuguese had their first settlement in the peninsula of Macao, and the English in the island of Hong Kong and in more than one island on the western coast of India, so the Carthaginians, coming first to trade, and then to found an empire in rich Sicily, had their first factory and fortress in an island, S. Pantaleo, called in classical times Motya.

SPEAKING SICILIAN

From Palermo westward, the watchword which enables the tourist to see everything is the name of Whitaker. Motya itself belongs to Mr. Joseph Whitaker. When we wished to visit Motya, Mr. Whitaker's well-appointed sailing boat was ready to skim across with us, and his headman on the island ready at the landing to escort us round. Also two members of the staff at Marsala accompanied us, a boon that could not easily be over-estimated, as they knew the island well, and spoke Sicilian.

Even to the foreigner who can speak Italian well, Sicilians talk mere gibberish; they clip their words to such an extent, and use so many words of alien—for instance, Arabic, French, and Spanish—origin, legacies of the many races which have ruled in turn this much-coveted land. Among the etymological traces of the various occupations there is actually an English one, dating from 1812-1814, the time of Lord William Bentinck's stay. Many Sicilians can well understand a good deal of Italian, but, except in very large towns, few of them but the Board School children speak it.

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

THE HARBOUR OF ANCIENT MOTYA

It was most enjoyable sailing and rowing, in that smart *barca*, over the Venetian-looking shallows between the salt pans, with their little white pyramids of salt, and Moorish-looking windmills. The country is indeed very Venetian-looking.

Ordinarily I should have been all impatience to get to our destination, but on this occasion the interest began the moment we were on the water; for those clear shallows, where the boatmen steered by watching the bottom, formed the harbour of Motya, where that tremendous drama began nearly 400 years before Christ. One would imagine that the levels had changed since then, for this was the harbour not only of Motya but also of Lilybæum, and there is not enough water to-day for even the little transports and warships of the ancients. On the other hand, the very considerable remains of the causeway, defended at its end by the tower built in the Middle Ages against the Saracens, are now, except for a projecting stone or two, a foot and more under water.

A CARTHAGINIAN CITY AND ITS CAPTURE

Of Motya, as it looked on that day of B.C. 397, when the 80,000 men, 200 warships, and 500 transports of Dionysius drew in sight of it, we fortunately know a good deal, for with Dionysius was Philistus, the historian, whose account, preserved by Diodorus Siculus, I give here. Its walls and houses were so lofty that the Greeks had to build wooden towers five stories high to command them, and its streets were so narrow and its houses were so castle-like that, when the walls were battered down by Dionysius's rams, the houses in each street presented a fresh wall to be stormed. The Carthaginians made two attempts to relieve this, their principal *entrepôt* in Sicily. Himilcon, with ten triremes, dashed into the harbour of Syracuse, and destroyed all the shipping left there. The Syracusans kept within their walls, which were too strong for him to attack, and let him do his worst. Next, Himilcon, with 100 triremes, dashed into the harbour of Motya,

THE CAPTURE OF MOTYA BY DIONYSIUS

destroyed a great quantity of Dionysius's transports, and attacked his 200 triremes, which were drawn up on the beach. Dionysius saved them by filling them with archers and javelin men, and moving up his deadly catapults—the artillery of the ancients—to their support. This was the first time they had ever been used in warfare, and Himilcon, noting with dismay how they battered and sunk his ships, retreated, and left Motya to its fate. No thought of surrender entered the thoughts of its inhabitants; they destroyed their mole, and managed to fire some of Dionysius's wooden towers, but that great master of siege-craft speedily replaced them, and not only rebuilt the mole, but raised it to a height to command the walls. At length the walls were breached, and the Sicilian Greeks, eager to avenge the destruction of the citizen inhabitants of Himera and Selinus, rushed to the assault. The houses, as I have said, proved as defensible as the walls, and each day's fighting brought the Greeks hardly appreciably nearer the result until Archylus of Thurii made a fresh attack one night after the bugles had drawn the assaulting force off. They entered the city with the aid of scaling ladders, and admitted Dionysius's army at a more favourable point, perhaps at the great gate, of which traces still remain. Then Motya fell, and the Greeks slew man, woman, and child, in spite of the orders of Dionysius, until he thought of telling the Motyans to take refuge in certain shrines, which were sacred to Greeks as well as Carthaginians. They captured vast stores of the precious metals and costly fabrics.

THE FOUNDATION OF LILYBÆUM (MARSALA)

But that was really all they achieved, for less than a year afterwards, Himilcon, who had sailed with a large fleet and 100,000 men to Panormus (Palermo), marched down, and on the adjoining mainland—the most westerly cape of Sicily, round the sacred spring of Lilyba, which is now sacred to John the Baptist—founded the virgin fortress of Lilybæum, which never was taken by Greek or Roman. By building out a mole from the cape towards the island, he made the harbour of Motya a first-rate harbour for Lilybæum—the Calais of the Carthaginians in Sicily. The harbour

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

of to-day, where Garibaldi landed, is not the harbour of Himilcon; it is on the other or south side of the cape.

THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT MOTYA

The site of Motya, which covered the whole of the island of S. Pantaleo, is now occupied with cornfields and vineyards, or prickly-pears, wild palms, and orpines four or five feet high. Beneath these, its fortunate owner, Mr. Joseph Whitaker, may possess buried ruins as important as those of Carthage; but there is not much in sight, though here and there, mostly near the water and sometimes extending into the sea, are low prehistoric walls and gateways. The ruins in the sea are all totally submerged, showing that where they exist the island must have sunk. The causeway of the Carthaginians, built of huge flat stones and mostly about half a yard under water, is still used by the *carrette* in carrying produce across. The tower near the end is mediæval; it was built for watching against the descents of the Saracens, which only ceased within living memory,

for there is a man still living at Trapani, so the boatman told us, whose mother was carried off by the Barbary corsairs.

There is a fine Carthaginian gate near the causeway, probably that through which Archylus admitted Dionysius's army. It is built of vast six-foot blocks in several layers, and there are marks of an ancient street leading to this seaward gate. There is also a bit of Phœnician wall by the disused saltpan, and there used to be another



Photo by]

[the Author.

THE CARTHAGINIAN GATE AT MOTYA

THE COTTAGE OF THE HEADMAN OF MOTYA

gate or two which have gradually been obliterated by agriculture, but not of course since Mr. Whitaker owned the island.

At the landing at Motya we were received by the headman, a fine old broth of a boy, ever so old, but so straight that he showed his six feet to the full. He was dressed in the pale blue knee-breeches worn by the natives, and a dark blue waistcoat and a headkerchief with the ends brought round and tied under his chin.

When trenching for his vines he told us that he came across no end of fragments of columns; he showed us one, and sundry beams, Once he had come across a sort of stone beehive. His vines were almost hidden with wild flowers. He had hardly ever been off the island he told us, but he had a son, a soldier, and he would show us his picture if we would do him the honour of going to his house.

THE COTTAGE OF THE HEADMAN OF MOTYA

There were two bedrooms behind a kind of white plaster battlement in the kitchen, and there were a shrine and three religious pictures on the wall between them. The chimney, a most mediæval-looking affair, terminating in a sort of cowl, was built across a corner, and had shelves adorned with a number of Greek-looking jugs. They used the racks over the fire as a kind of cupboard, though there was a corner cupboard as well. The forks, spoons, glasses, and sauce bottles they kept in these racks. The plates and so on were of the gaily-coloured pottery made at Sorrento, and so much used at Naples. The chairs were something like English chairs, but strung with cord made from the filaments of the "zabbara" leaves; and the pride of their hearts was a coffer, painted green, which showed up finely against the red tiles of the floor. Its nearest rival in their affections was a tiny trestle-table, like the water carriers' tables at Palermo. A heavy iron ring screwed into the wall held their only washing basin. The walls were adorned with photographs of the soldier son, and engravings of the Madonna and pretty nearly all the saints in the calendar, whilst from the ceiling hung multi-coloured paper "ninfe," destined to form the delectation of countless flies. In one corner was the usual array of glazed majolica plates and dishes of many designs

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

and hues, grouped, as in most of the peasants' houses, to form mural decorations out of the simple articles of daily use. The headman's wife, though quite old, wore short skirts, and stockings with huge red and green stripes.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN OF MOTYA

No sooner were we in the cottage, which was scrupulously clean, than a boy with a Saracen face, and a flock of charmingly pretty girls with kerchiefed heads, and shawls crossed over their chests, came and peeped in. They all seemed to be related to the headman.

Our friends had told us that the few women there were in Motya were famed for their beauty, but we were not prepared for such an exhibition of frank, fair, English-looking, country faces. They all had lovely teeth, and all were straight as darts and had most

elegant limbs. Our friends told the headman that my wife would like to photograph these types of Sicilian beauty, and abetted by him she made several desperate attempts to kodak them, but to no purpose. She succeeded in photographing some plainer ones, whose vanity was not tickled so often. They always eluded her at the most critical moment, though they were by no means averse to conversation with the



Photo by Miss L—

WOMEN OF MOTYA

Sicilian-speaking members of our party when the cameras were safely on the ground. In Motya they are continually digging up coins and pottery, and are perfectly willing to sell you the coins, if they are copper, at sums varying from a halfpenny to fourpence-halfpenny, and if they are silver at proportionate prices.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MOTYA AND FOUNDING OF LILYBÆUM

One fine day, in 397 B.C., Dionysius of Syracuse led an army of 80,000 men and destroyed Motya, after a siege, to quote the

MARSALA IN ROMAN TIMES

words of Murray, memorable not only for the heroic conduct of its defenders, but also for being the first at which catapults, the artillery of the ancients, were employed. When Dionysius went away the Carthaginians, who had escaped and concealed themselves in the neighbourhood, returned, nothing daunted, and built a new city, this time on the mainland, the famous Lilybæum, which has been more or less important and prosperous ever since. The Cape at Lilybæum was one of the three points which gave Sicily its name of Trinacria.

In spite of its being built on a flat seashore, the Lilybæans defended themselves against the Romans for ten long years (250 to 241 B.C.), and only surrendered in the end after the great naval victory of the Ægatian Islands, which ended the first Punic War. And a quarter of a century before that they successfully resisted a siege by Pyrrhus of Epirus. The Romans made good use of Marsala, and it was from Marsala in 204 B.C. that Scipio Africanus sailed to carry the war into Africa, which was the first deadly blow struck against Carthage, culminating as it did in the battle of Zama in the year 202 B.C. And it was from Marsala again that the expedition sailed in B.C. 149 for the third Punic War, in which Carthage was laid in the dust, never to rise again.

THE MEDIÆVAL PALACES OF THE LESSER NOBLES

Marsala is to Africa what Dover is to the continent of Europe, the natural port; it has always been singularly open to raids, from the days of the Carthaginians to the days of the Sallee rovers. Therefore, in Marsala one comes across smaller fortified houses than anywhere else I know of. There are a great many small mediæval houses in Marsala occupied by poor people. The principle on which they were constructed is mostly the same—an outside wall almost blank, except for very high windows, pierced by an arched doorway leading into a court. In the court are a cistern and a place for washing; and leading up from the court a heavily-parapeted stairway, terminating in a heavily-parapeted gallery, carried, between them, round three sides of the court.

There was in the Strada S. Calogero a splendid specimen of these

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

palazzetti; it had an ancient tower and a wonderful balcony in its cortile, supported, like the stairs which climbed up to it, by heavy stone brackets in the Spanish style. There were a well in the corner, three washing-cisterns under the stairs, and a cesspool in the middle of the court. Mysterious-looking arches and passages opened off this ancient staircase. It was a typical house of a small noble, though now divided into tenements, where women stared at us with wide Sicilian eyes as they leaned upon the balcony or spun. In the street outside their boys were playing the Sicilian game of batting a ball through a ring. Some of these houses had a fine double staircase sweeping down both sides of the cortile; most of them had towers, and all had heavy barring to their tiny windows.

These little palaces of Marsala are, I think, the most interesting buildings of their kind in Sicily, and exceedingly picturesque.

There are not a great many ancient palaces of larger size in Marsala; prosperous towns all the world over are perpetually being rebuilt, and Marsala, with its rich English companies spending a great deal of money on wine and wages, has been unusually prosperous for Sicily. There are hardly any old houses in the main street shown in the picture, though most of them retain the balconies supported on very projecting stone brackets.



*Photo by
Mr. R. B. Cosins.*

A PALACE OF
A LESSER
NOBLE
AT MARSALA

THE BAGLIO WOODHOUSE



UNPICTURESQUE MARSALA

NELSON AND WATERLOO AT THE BAGLIO WOODHOUSE

The long, white wall shown in another of the pictures is the Baglio Woodhouse, the oldest in Marsala, and still has mounted on its corner turrets cannon planted there during the long Napoleonic Wars. For Marsala, with its vast stores of wine and the money requisite for carrying on the business, was the natural point for a frigate or privateer to strike at. The traditions of the long war belong to the Baglio Woodhouse. It was to the Woodhouses that Nelson wrote in 1800:—

“The wine to be delivered as expeditiously as possible, and all to be delivered within the space of five weeks from this date; a convoy will be wanted for the vessel from Marsala, but all risks are to be run by Mr. Woodhouse.

“BRONTE AND NELSON.”

And it was the then head of the firm of Woodhouse who, in 1815, when he heard of the news of the Battle of Waterloo, set aside a pipe of his finest wine to be kept for ever in memory of the battle,

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that distinguished strangers might taste of the wine of that immortal year. The small yearly inroads into it are carefully refilled with selected wine, and it tastes like the finest Madeira.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD "BAGLIO."

This curious word *baglio* is the same as the Low-Latin *Ballium* and the English Bailey, preserved in the Old Bailey and many of our castles. It signified a walled court or outwork. The larger *baglj* are regular villages, though the workmen do not, as a rule, live inside them.

THE WOODHOUSE MAUSOLEUM

In the Woodhouse Baglio, too, is the old mausoleum of the English colony at Marsala, which has some tombs dating from the last century.

Among the people buried there are John Woodhouse of Liverpool, who died at Marsala, August 25th, 1826 (he was called *il vecchio*; but his father came here in 1772, though he never lived here); William Woodhouse; Joshua Ingham; and John Barlow. The mausoleum is rather a mosque-like little building; it has recently been consecrated. One of the oldest tombs is that of John Christian, a native of Douglas in the Isle of Man, who died at Lilybæum, 4th of the Ides of October, 1793, aged twenty-six.

In the days of dollars Mr. Woodhouse used to go to Castelvetro with two octaves full of dollars for the purchase of wines. The old white plastered house with its brown points and green jalousies is very picturesque.

THE TAGLIA, OR TALLY SYSTEM

In the dealings between the *baglj* and the farmers, the *taglia* or tally is much used; the wood is sawn irregularly down the middle, and the numbers are then filed on it in Roman figures—the tens being crossed, the fives not crossed, and the ones vertical.

THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY AT MARSALA



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE WOODHOUSE BAGLIO

THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY OF MARSALA AND THE SACRED SPRING OF LILYBA

There is nearly as much of Marsala underground as there is above. As at Syracuse and in other parts of Sicily, quarrying disclosed subterranean caverns, and many persecutions and the corsair raids of many centuries drove the inhabitants to tunnel out dwellings off these caverns.

The catacombs of Marsala differ from most catacombs in that the idea of dwellings for the living is so much more prominent than usual. The exact date of them is unknown. According to Murray, who gives an excellent though rather too brief account of Marsala, there are many "ancient tombs, some of early Christian, others of Pagan times, retaining vestiges of frescoed decorations. There is also an ancient church, the lower part of which is hewn from the rock; the upper part has been modernised. Some caves opening on

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it have their walls frescoed with full-length figures of saints, male and female, all of Byzantine art . . . S. Giovanni Battista, outside the walls to the north-west, contains a marble figure by Antonio Gagini, one of the best of his many statues of that saint. A flight of steps in the pavement leads down to a small circular grotto hewn in the rock, retaining traces of frescoes on the walls and of mosaic work in the pavement. In the centre is a small well—a yard square—of very clear but brackish water. The chamber is commonly called the 'Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl,' who was believed to have uttered her words through the medium of this water, and to have been buried on this spot. The well is doubtless that which was renowned among the ancients under the name of Lilyba, as having existed here long before the foundation of Lilybæum, and as having given its name both to the promontory and to the city. The grotto is still regarded with superstitious reverence, and on the eve of S. John crowds flock to it to taste its waters."

GARIBALDI LANDED AT MARSALA

The harbour with its small boats interested the ladies—a little English cutter, kept for the use of the staff of Ingham and Whitaker's Baglio, really appealed to them more than the fact that it was at Marsala, the world-old Lilybæum, that the making of modern Italy began. It is an old story now how Raffaele Rubattino, the Genoese, conveyed to Garibaldi, when in the first days of May, 1860, he was waiting with his one thousand and seven men to find his way to Sicily, the welcome news that there would be two of his steamers, the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*, lying at the Mole of Genoa imperfectly guarded. Garibaldi took the hint, and the famous *mille*, who are more revered by Italians than the voyagers of the *Mayflower* are by Americans, boarded them, and made the engineers, with a very slight show of resistance, raise steam for Marsala. Arrived there on May 11th their troubles were not at an end, for there were a fifty-gun frigate and a couple of steam sloops of the Neapolitan navy cruising outside. In their hurry to get in, though the *Piemonte* ran safely inside the mole,



THE SPRING OF LILYBA
Now called The Sibyl's Well, in the Church of St John near Cape Boco

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

the *Lombardo* ran ashore one hundred yards outside. While the Neapolitan men-of-war steamed up to make a shambles of her, there occurred what might have proved an international incident, for a British man-of-war that was in the harbour deliberately steamed in front of the *Lombardo* in such a position that not a shot could be fired into her without going through or over the Englishman. The Neapolitan captain was afraid of the responsibility, the men of the *Lombardo* scuttled ashore, and then the Englishman quietly steamed back and watched the Neapolitan warships wreaking their vengeance on the empty Rubattino steamer.

THE WHITAKERS' CONNECTION WITH GARIBALDI

Among Garibaldi's lieutenants were three who afterwards became connected with the Whitaker family: General Medici, Marchese del Vascello, who so greatly distinguished himself in 1849, and who, at the head of fresh forces, joined Garibaldi after the battle of Calatafimi, married the widow of their cousin, Mr. Benjamin Ingham, junior; Alfonso Scalia—later on a lieutenant-general in the Italian army—became father-in-law to Mr. Joseph J. S. Whitaker; and the well-known Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, now one of the oldest members of the Italian Senate, is a brother-in-law of the Whitakers.

The one thousand and seven camped for the night outside the gates, and on the next day started for the heights of Calatafimi, where they gained their first victory, almost under the shadow of the glorious Greek temple of Segesta. A few days later they were outside Palermo and won another victory, and modern Italy had begun. It is no wonder that Italians feel that there is something national about their great company of merchant steamers, the Florio-Rubattino, now known as the Navigazione Generale Italiana, which is really the best way of getting about Italy when you are travelling between maritime cities at any distance from each other, like Genoa and Naples. How peaceful men of commerce may occasionally be dragged into history is shown by some letters in the Consular archives at Marsala, written by Mr. R. B. Cossins, a prominent

LETTERS ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1860

member of Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s staff, and British Vice-Consul at Marsala. They describe most graphically the feeling, not altogether devoid of consternation, with which the little English colony regarded the progress of events in these stormy days of May and June, 1860. For nothing was likelier than that either the rebels or the King's men—the King of Naples' men—would try to sack Marsala, which was rich and totally unprotected except by the few resolute English behind the walls of the *baglj* and the irregular force raised by the Municipality, of which Mr. Cossins wrote on June 19th to the captain of the British man-of-war lying in the harbour.

HOW MARSALA WAS IMPERILLED

Letter from the British Vice-Consul to the Captain of H.M.S. "Argus."

"BRITISH VICE-CONSULATE, MARSALA,

"June 19th, 1860.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 18th instant, and beg to inform you in reply that the state of things in Marsala is not yet such as to make me feel confident of the security of British subjects and property here, without the presence of some British vessel-of-war in our vicinity. No actual disturbance has lately taken place in the town, and a national guard of six hundred or seven hundred men have been enrolled for the maintenance of public security, but more than half the number of men are without firearms, and party spirit causes dissensions among the officers. Besides this, a general feeling of discontent seems to prevail among the inhabitants regarding the conscription and organisation of the militia, on which point, as on several others of positive importance for the establishment and maintenance of public order, nothing has been done in Marsala, notwithstanding the most energetic orders from the acting authorities in Palermo. The people here seem to be under the influence of a low egotism which excludes public spirit of any kind, and the same feeling paralyses the Civic Council. The office of Local Governor in Marsala was abolished a few days ago by virtue of a general order which places the different towns of the island under the immediate jurisdiction of the Governor of each district, Marsala being included in the district of Trapani. Thus the local administration of the public business of the town centres in the Civic Council and the delegate of public security. The President of the Council tendered his resignation two days ago, and now I

FROM PALERMO TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

am credibly informed that the official letters which came by last post directed to the local authorities remained for some time unopened. In this state of things the security of the place depends entirely on the National Guard, and the dissension arising from party spirit, and, I regret to add, more unworthy and dangerous feelings in some of the officers, renders the force of very doubtful efficiency. The recent liberation of the prisoners from Trapani and Favignana has considerably increased the numbers of dangerous vagabonds in the town and our immediate neighbourhood, and the isolated position of the English factories here makes our situation insecure as long as a sufficient repressive force is wanting in Marsala to insure the public tranquillity.

"The general wish of the English residents here is that the protection of one of H.M.'s vessels-of-war should if possible be continued to us a little longer, in which I coincide, particularly as the departure of Neapolitan troops from Palermo should lead to prompt and we should say effective measures for the establishment of order in the island generally.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

"R. B. C.

"H. F. W. INGRAM, R.N.,

"Command of H.M. Steam Ship 'Argus' Marsala."

The Vice-Consul had already written a very interesting letter to the British Consul at Palermo.

Letter from Vice-Consul Cossins to Consul Goodwin at Palermo.

MARSALA, June 1st, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that H.M.S. *Intrepid*, Captain Marryatt, called off this port this morning and brought the arms that have been taken from us by General L. This steamer proceeded at once to Malta. We had another disembarkation of emigrants early this morning by a small Sardinian steamer which arrived from Genoa. There were about 150 men landed under the command of Enrico Tardello, mostly Italians; they brought with them 2,000 muskets and 100,000 cartridges. I hear they intend to collect some squadri from the adjacent villages and to march on Trapani to-morrow, which city is still in possession of the Royal troops, and the inhabitants are fearing that at any moment their houses may be sacked and burnt by them. The landing of the above men and ammunition was effected without opposition, there being at the time a Neapolitan war vessel near, and the Sardinian craft has set off again for Cagliari. I have written the foregoing to be ready for first opportunity to

LETTERS ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1860

send you, and at this moment, 6.30 p.m., there is an English gunboat hove in sight from the southward, which I presume will be the *Assurance* and that she will be starting at once for Palermo.

"We are anxiously waiting for news from Palermo and trust that some amicable arrangement will be come to between the contending parties.

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"R. B. C.

"JOHN GOODWIN, Esq.,

"*H.B.M. Consul, Palermo.*"

When I recall the circumstance that it was from this landing of Garibaldi at Marsala that the kingdom of Italy—the first kingdom that Italy the ancient ever had—sprang, I think these letters will be read with much interest.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri Idaliæ.

VIRGIL, *Æneid* v., 759, 760.

THE ELYMIAN ABORIGINES OF SICILY

THE Elymians were an extremely lucky people. There do not seem to have been many of them. Some writers will hardly allow their claim to be considered as the third prehistoric tribe of Sicily. The Sikels; yes, of course! and the Sikans; yes, of course! but the Elymians! There are only two important towns where there is any record of an Elymian origin, and their inhabitants behaved so very unhistorically as to be the descendants of the Trojans. But Professor Freeman is satisfied that there really were Elymians, and that they owned two such famous cities as Eryx (Monte S. Giuliano) and Egesta (Segesta), which are said to be visible to each other across the intervening hilltops, though I have been to both, and was unable to see either from the other. Nowadays Segesta is chiefly famous for its beautiful Greek temple and rumours of brigands, and Eryx is deservedly famous, because still on its mountain-top, 2,500 feet high, it is surrounded by the Carthaginian walls over which Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus (the doughtiest enemy of the Romans), led his storming party.

THE CITY OF ERYX, OR MONTE S. GIULIANO

Eryx was known for countless centuries as the Hill of Venus; the Saracens called it Jebel Hamed, whatever that means. It owes its present name, according to Murray, to a legend connected with its siege by the Saracens. "While these were assaulting the

THE CITY OF ERYX, OR MONTE S. GIULIANO

city S. Julian suddenly confronted them on the walls with a pack of hounds, which, flying at the Moslems, drove them over the ramparts and caused them to break their necks in the fall. Of the ancient city of Eryx hardly anything remains beyond the wall, which may be traced along the west face of the mountain. Square towers project at unequal intervals. The masonry is composed of enormous



ERYX: THE BASTION NEAR THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

blocks, rudely squared, in courses generally horizontal, the largest blocks being below, the most regular above. In certain parts the upper courses are of small and regular masonry, apparently the work of a later age and of a different race, and probably show the repairs effected by the Romans. The Porta Spada and Porta di Trapani are now spanned by pointed arches, but the masonry to the height of six or seven feet is of an ancient construction."

Classical scholars will wish that it had retained its ancient name

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

officially, for it was this Eryx that gave Venus her name of Erycina. However, the natives call it Erice still in fond moments.

Almost the only thing we know about those same Elymians is that they worshipped a goddess of love and beauty, whom the Phœnicians were content to identify with their Ashtaroth, and the Greeks with their Aphrodite, and the Romans with their Venus—Erycina Ridens, the laughter-loving lady of Eryx. In the upper court of the castle, says Murray—

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS ERYCINA

“On the summit of the mountain, is a large bell-shaped pit, which goes by the name of Pozzo di Venere. It is thirteen feet in diameter at its neck or mouth, sunk in the rock and lined with cement, and was probably a well or reservoir for grain attached to the celebrated Temple of Venus Erycina, which occupied the crest of the mountain. Hard by is a horse-trough, pointed out as the Bagno di Venere. Adjacent is a little bastion on the verge of the precipice, commanding a glorious view over the mountainous country east towards Palermo. Beneath the Castle, on the north, near a mediæval arch, called Arco di Dedalo, or, more vulgarly, Arco di Diavolo, a personage better understood by the peasantry, is a fragment of regular masonry without cement, probably the substructure of the temple sacred to the laughter-loving goddess Erycina Ridens, which stood on the summit. It was built by Eryx, son of the giant Butes (by Venus, or by a native girl called Lycaste, surnamed Venus, for her surpassing beauty). Others, with Virgil, ascribe the temple to Æneas—

‘Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri Idaliæ.’

Diodorus tells us that the crest of the mountain, being very rugged and too circumscribed for a temple, was levelled by Dædalus, then an exile from Crete, who built fortifications at the verge of the precipices, and constructed a road up to the building. This celebrated shrine, in splendour, wealth, and beauty, far surpassed all the other temples of Sicily, and was revered alike by Sicanians, Cartha-

ERYX IN GREEK TIMES

ginians, Greeks and Romans. The senate assigned it a guard of two hundred soldiers; the most beautiful women in the island became its priestesses, and even Verres, who profaned every other temple in Sicily, offered up his unholy vows at this voluptuous shrine, and enriched it with a silver Cupid."

ERYX IN GREEK TIMES

The halo of Venus, which still lingers about the mountain, is all that we have left of the Elymians; and the Phœnicians have left no more; but the Carthaginians surrounded it, centuries before Christ, with the walls that still guard its western front, capped with mediæval work. It was more than five centuries B.C. that Dorieus, the King's son of Sparta, having no chance of succeeding his father, led his Heraclidæ to claim Eryx as the heritage of his forefather Heracles (Hercules). The oracle had augured his success, but on the way he lingered to attack the rich settlement of Croton in South Italy, and broke the spell. He was slain on the slopes of Eryx. A hundred years later the inhabitants of Egesta (Segesta) having entreated the Athenians to help them against their haughty neighbours of Selinus (Selinunte), the Babylon of Sicily, the Athenians sent envoys to ascertain the resources of the Egestans. Eryx, like Egesta, being an Elymian city, its inhabitants took the Athenians to see the treasures in the temple of their famous goddess. They had an immense treasure of silver-gilt vessels, which the Athenians took for gold, and, similar expedients being employed at Egesta, the Athenians were entrapped into the alliance. In B.C. 397, Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, persuaded the Elymians of Eryx to rebel against their Carthaginian masters at the time of his conquest of Motya. It was retaken by Himilcon in the next year by treachery, and continued Carthaginian till Dionysius, at the very end of his reign, recaptured it with the connivance of its inhabitants, who hated the perpetually invading Carthaginians much worse than the distant Syracusans. Eryx, and its seaport Trapani, are just across the Strait from Africa. Eryx was never Greek but twice—once in the mythical times of Heracles, the Hercules of fable, and once

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

in 276 B.C. at the hands of Pyrrhus the Epirote, if he can be counted as a Greek. Pyrrhus, who was a born sieger of cities, brought his engines up the mountain to play on the defences, but took the city by storm. He was an heir of Hercules, through Achilles, and his soldiers hailed him as the Eagle when he led the storming party over the walls of Eryx.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

ERYX: THE CARTHAGINIAN WALLS (LOWER PORTION ONLY)

ERYX IN THE PUNIC WARS

The next important event in the history of Eryx is the part it played in the war between the Romans and the Carthaginians under Hamilcar Barca, the father of the famous Hannibal. In 248 B.C., though they had been defeated by Hasdrubal in the sea-fight off Drepana (Trapani) the year before, and lost most of their fleet by a storm in that year, the Consul sailed suddenly round to the foot of Eryx, and captured it, just before Hamilcar, whose nickname Barak or Barca signifies the Thunderbolt, came upon the scene. Hamilcar, the greatest commander in the war, recaptured the lower town, but failed to take the temple and the citadel, probably through

ERYX IN THE PUNIC WARS

the hostility of the inhabitants, who may have admitted the Romans for the same reason. The fact was that Hamilcar, with the eye of a great commander, saw that it would be possible on the sickle-shaped bay, which gave Drepana its name, to found another mighty fortress, like the unconquerable Lilybæum. Only to make such a fortress he required inhabitants, and had signified his intention of transferring the people of Eryx *en bloc* to his new city.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ERYX AND TRAPANI

Since the time of Hamilcar many attempts have been made to induce the inhabitants of Eryx to migrate to Trapani, but never with any success till our own day, when it is no longer a question of compulsion, but of higher wages. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the two cities. Trapani has a few old houses, such as that in the Giudecca, but it is essentially a modern town, with a long straight harbour-wharf, to which are moored the sterns of countless coasting craft, come for its salt. It is a large, naked town, of the modern Italian sort, and is not very interesting, except on Sunday morning, when the peasants ride in to church in dark blue hooded cloaks if it is cold, and in very little if it is warm. You often see mother and child riding on an ass led by a husband, looking for all the world like a Holy Family of Murillo.

TRAPANI AND ERYX IN "VIRGIL"

A very interesting book might be written to identify the spots round Trapani and Eryx mentioned by Virgil. They are treated at great length in *Æneid V.*, during the description of Æneas's funeral games in honour of his father Anchises. An immense deal has been written upon the subject by various classical scholars, but no guide-book has been written about it yet. Baedeker identifies the island of Asinello with the goal of the boat race of the *Æneid*, in which one of the captains threw the pilot overboard for losing ground by being afraid to shave the rocks too closely. He was not drowned. Æneas came straight from Carthage to Trapani, like many a better man before him and after him. I say before, because the Carthaginian

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

admirals steered for Trapani or the headland of Marsala for centuries before Virgil sent Æneas there, and because the route went on when Carthage was no more.



THE HARBOUR OF TRAPANI

The scene of the boat race in the *Æneid*; Mount Eryx in the background

When Æneas left Dido at Carthage, that is to say Tunis, at the beginning of the fifth *Æneid*, he was caught in a sirocco. “Cæruleus supra caput astitit imber”—a dark lead-coloured watery cloud stood over his head. The pilot recommended him to run for Trapani; “nec litora longe Fida reor fraterna Erycis, portusque Sicanos,”—the trusty shores of your brother Eryx and the Sicilian ports I deem not far off. Æneas was willing, for in the last lines of the third *Æneid* (705–710) he had buried his father, Anchises, there.

“Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus;
Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia cæcis.
Hinc Drepani me portus et illætabilis ora
Accipit. Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,
Amitto Anchisen.”

... “and thee, Selinus, fruitful in palms, I leave by means of favourable winds, and I trace my ways through the shadows of

TRAPANI AND ERYX IN VIRGIL

Lilybæum, rendered dangerous by many savage rocks. Hence the port and unjoyous coast of Drepanum receives me. Here, alas! after being tost by so many storms at sea, I lose my sire, Anchises, my solace in every care and suffering."

Not a palm is left to Selinunte, but, so shallow are the waters between Lilybæum—the modern Marsala—and the island on which Motya stood, that carts drive across through the sea, and "unjoyous" still is a very happy epithet for the coast of Trapani. Æneas wished also to see Acestes, a noble Trojan, born in Sicily, who beheld their arrival from a lofty mountain summit—Acestes having been invented to provide an eponymous hero, as the Greeks called a godfather, for the city of Segesta (Egesta), very appropriately observed their arrival from the top of a lofty mountain, to wit, the hill on which Segesta stands. You can see the sea at Trapani from Segesta, but you could not make out the biggest modern man-of-war without the aid of a telescope. Æneas, in a long speech, announced his intention to hold athletic sports to celebrate the anniversary of his father's burial. He went to his father's tomb, accompanied by many thousands; and a snake as big as a boa-constrictor slipped out of the shrine and wound itself seven times round the tomb. I shall not describe this athletic meeting in full detail, but the boat race concerns us, for the galleys had to round a rock which was obviously that which was afterwards the Saracen corsair-ship turned into stone by the obliging saint. Virgil was as fond of introducing guide-book matter into his poems as Byron was in *Chi de Harold*. He got up his subjects very carefully; so that it is interesting. The next event was a foot race in which two Sicilian youths, named Elymus and Panopes, took part, Elymus being wanted to become the ancestor of the Elymians, one of the three aboriginal races of Sicily, whose chief towns were Eryx and Egesta and Entella. This is the race in which Nisus swindled to win the prize for Euryalus. Then came a boxing match. This event was instituted to introduce eponymous heroes for Eryx and Entella—two Elymian cities—because the Romans believed the Elymians to be of Trojan blood like themselves. Then came a shooting competition and a boys' tournament, which do not help us with Sicilian names. It was at

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Trapani that the women burnt the ships. Then followed the laying-out of the city of Egesta by Æneas, and the founding of the famous temple of Venus upon Mount Eryx.

“Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri Idaliæ; tumuloque sacerdos,
Et lucus late sacer additur Anchiseio.”

It is easy still to make out the locality where those games were held round the tomb of Anchises on the lower slopes of Mount Eryx.

KING EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND AT TRAPANI

Edward I. of England, going a-crusading, sailed from Tunis to Trapani, where he found St. Louis dead. He or another brought the entrails of St. Louis to rest in Sicily, where they still rest in the glorious Cathedral of Monreale, while the unworthy brother of the saint, Charles of Anjou, whom the Pope had made King of Sicily, took the opportunity of wrecking all the Crusader ships he could to steal their valuables. Edward I. came once again to Trapani when he was homing from his victory at Acre, to begin the forty years of kingship which have given our empire its unity and all the world its constitutions; and Trapani goes to Tunis to-day as much as Drepanum went to Carthage.

THE CONNECTION OF TRAPANI WITH THE “ODYSSEY” AND THE “ÆNEID”

At the foot of the mountain is the shrine of the famous Madonna di Trapani, which contains a miraculous statue of the Virgin and Child, made in the fourteenth century. The shrine is very rich, but I found the slopes of the mountain immediately above it more interesting, being, as they are, the supposed site of the games held by Æneas in honour of his father, Anchises. It is curious that Trapani, which comes so prominently into the *Æneid*, should have been selected by Mr. Butler as the scene of the writing of the *Odyssey*, by a woman. He boldly gives it as his opinion that the scenery of the *Odyssey* is not that of the Ionian Islands, but of



Photo by Alinari.

THE DELLA ROBBIA IN S. MARIA DI LEON, TRAPANI

THE BATTLE OF THE ÆGATIAN ISLANDS

the Ægatian Islands, off the west coast of Sicily, opposite Marsala and Trapani, and that all the voyaging Ulysses ever did was to sail round Sicily.

THE BATTLE OF THE ÆGATIAN ISLANDS

But these same Ægatian Islands have a good solid history of their own, and do not have to depend on romance, for in the channel between them was fought out the last act of the first Punic War. The Carthaginians, in 241 B.C., suddenly woke up to the fact that Sicily would be lost if they did not send a fleet to support Hamilcar. Waiting till a fierce sirocco blew, they sent their heavily-laden transports, but the Roman General, or as we should say Admiral, C. Lutatius Catulus, was a man of genius. He saw that the right time to attack the Carthaginians was while they were still laden down with stores and non-combatants, and before the formidable Hamilcar and his fighting-men had time to go aboard. To do this the Romans had to put out in the teeth of the gale; but they manœuvred successfully and won a crushing victory, with the result of the Carthaginians giving up all their conquests in Sicily and the other Italian islands, and paying 3200 talents in ten years.

THE TUNNY FISHERIES

Nowadays the straits between the islands, where the fate of Carthage was sealed, are the scene of a very different contest, for the most famous tunny fisheries in the world are there, the property of the fortunate Signor Florio, secured by the foresight of his father, who purchased the group of islands, not for their own sake, seeing that with the exception of Favignana they are little else than barren rocks, but for the valuable tunny fisheries in their waters. The tunny fishery is the most profitable industry in Italy, as the Londoner can understand when he learns that the tunny fish in oil, for which he pays a shilling a pound, is canned from fish which are often ten feet long and a thousand pounds in weight, and are caught in countless numbers during the brief season extending, as a rule, from the end of April to

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the third week of June. Beside this fishery and his share in the Florio-Rubattino steamers, Signor Florio is the owner of one of the three large Marsala wine *baglj*.

ERYX FEELING THE PROSPERITY OF TRAPANI

Eryx has a population of 10,000 people, and a mayor and a *municipio*, but its population is now decreasing owing to the prosperity of Trapani, which is beginning to rival Marsala as the centre of the wine trade, and in general prosperity much exceeds it, owing to a curious monopoly with which the present Government have never interfered—the right of making untaxed salt in the salt-pans supplied by the evaporation of sea water. I have heard that more than half of the population have migrated, and feel sure that many of the inhabitants go to Trapani every day for their work, riding there and back on mules and asses. Eryx—Erice, as they now call it—has streets of good and exceedingly picturesque houses, and in the summer is favoured as a health resort by the inhabitants of Trapani and Marsala. One cannot help thinking that there is a great opening for an English tramway company in Sicily to exploit these mountain sanatoria. There are several large towns in the island standing 2000 and 3000 feet above the sea-level, such as Eryx itself and Castrogiovanni. In summer, of course, they are much cooler and healthier than the towns in the plains, and all they want is an elevator tramway, similar to that in use on Mount Victoria at Hong Kong, or Mount Royal at Montreal, to make all the wealthy people in the neighbourhood have summer residences in them.

TAKING TRAIN TO TRAPANI

The one idea of the English who are condemned for their sins to live in that beautiful suburban villa, the Baglio Ingham at Marsala, is to get away from Marsala on a Sunday, and a favourite trip is to take the train to Trapani and climb Eryx, the mountain crowned with a city before history began.

Though it is easy enough to get out of the station at Marsala,

COUNTRY SICILIANS

it is by no means so easy to get in; for they will not let you enter without a ticket, and tickets are issued through an orifice the size of the clerk's ear, and the country people move about a good deal on Sunday, so there is a long queue of customers, who pay everything in one or two franc notes, though the sum may be fifty francs.

As we steamed slowly out of Marsala we saw crowds of country people riding on asses to market, the men in their great blue-hooded cloaks, the women in rainbows, and the asses of both piled up with panniers, which stuck out on each side like a man-of-war's boat-booms. The red, greens, and blues were wonderful.

THE VIEW FROM THE TRAIN

As we puffed leisurely away to Trapani we passed white villas down by the shore, sometimes with one tall palm; and tiny shrines by the wayside, occasionally with a woman hooded in a black shawl kneeling in front of them; while in the near distance lay the low, green island of Motya, the firstfruits of Carthage in Sicily; and in the offing the Ægatian Islands, where the Carthaginian power received its first fatal blow. The Ægatian Islands are in much estimation with quail-shooters, for they lie on the lines of migration. It is a curious fact that as the quails go north in the spring they stop at one island, Levanzo, and as they come south in the autumn they invariably stop at another, Favignana. The salt-pans down by the sea would be like oyster beds if it were not for the limpet-shaped heaps of salt, some tiled over, some glittering in the sun. In days gone by they were seized from Marsala by Trapani, and their possession is sorely grudged, because it has made Trapani the most prosperous place in Sicily for its size. Trapani rises from its salt-pans, like S. Malo from the sea, but its numerous churches give it a decidedly more Christian appearance, and in the distance its tiled heaps of salt look like a camp of Arab tents, while the windmills used for pumping up the water from the tideless sea into the outer pans, and thence into inner pans, give a Dutch note.

The railway is hedged with beautiful rose-red geraniums nearly

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the whole way from Marsala to Trapani. The whole effect of the city is a shimmering lake, backed by Eryx, with its towered walls and rocks, which are themselves a Titan's castle. In Trapani all the cabmen are boys, and boy-cabmen are much the most unconscionable, but our friends from the *baglio* could talk Sicilian.

THE WALK THROUGH TRAPANI TO ERYX

Trapani is by no means such a picturesque town as Marsala; it is too prosperous, its inhabitants can afford to rebuild. The Trapanesi paint their carts, but often only with conventional designs like vases. The road to Eryx took us through a humble portion of the town. This is easy to recognise in Sicily, because the only

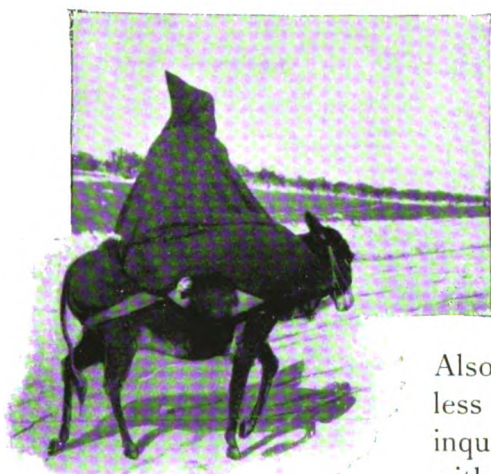


Photo by the Author.
ARCADES AMBO—A TYPICAL SICILIAN

shops it supports are wood shops, greengrocers' shops, basket shops, and cheap pottery shops. The houses in Trapani are the flattest and most Oriental-looking in the island. Here, as at Marsala, Sunday is a market-day, but the market consists principally of broccoli and fennel, and *carabinieri* with their Sunday knots and plumes.

Also the goats are looked after a little less than usual, and are proportionately inquisitive. The men riding in on donkeys with their grand high sheep-skin saddles ought all of them to have been painted by Murillo. We began to think that we should never catch the train home if Miss L—— kodaked so many of them.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

She would not hear of driving up the mountain, though climbing mountains in the sun had such a severe effect upon her. She was on her mettle, and from below, the mountain with its farms



THE CHIESA MATRICE AT ERYX

Photo by Alinari.

THE CITY OF VENUS

embowered in faint pink almond blossom, and the silvery green of its prickly-pears, and its splendid tufts of wild palmetto, and its glorious carobs, looked very tempting. Also, as we began to mount the lower slopes, with their memories of Anchises and their view of the white sickle city below, our enthusiasm if anything increased, though the only flowers were big marigolds and small campions and an occasional purple crocus, and of course daisies. But as the climb grew sharper we recognised that he who has walked from Trapani to Eryx on a hot Sicilian day must subscribe to the greatness of Pyrrhus. The mountain, a great mass of yellow limestone, rises 2500 feet above the sea, which means above Trapani, and is a rough and in places almost precipitous climb, while at the top the cliffs of laminated limestone rise so perpendicularly as to look like Cyclopean walls.

As we struggled up, carrying our cameras and coats, for the early morning had been very cold, we felt mortally hot, and wished we had hired an ass, at any rate for the wraps. But we should have been better off if we had followed the zigzag carriage-road instead of the footpath, for then a mile below the town we should have come to orchards and cypresses and stone pines.

ARRIVAL AT ERYX

Passing through the narrow Trapani gate in the Carthaginian wall, we found ourselves in a queer old town with elaborately flagged streets, and houses with such lofty garden walls that they looked like so many fortresses. There was a *chiesa matrice*, very picturesque and rather Moorish-looking in its exterior, and a sombre, age-worn castle at the other end of the town with a situation simply superb.

The *chiesa matrice* was full of country Sicilians, the men in hooded cloaks and velveteens and top-boots, the women in their black silk *manti*, which no doubt can claim descent from the *mantillas* worn by the ladies who came over from Spain with Pedro of Aragon and his court. There is a beautiful Saracen tower to the left of the entrance. We had taken our cameras into the "matrice" and were followed out by various worshippers who wished to carry them—for money. On

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our way to the castle we did not forget to look into the little hotel and order lunch.

THE HOTEL AT ERYX

The hotel itself was like a fortress. We were only admitted through a kind of postern in a blank wall at the foot of a steep staircase. When we got to the top we had to walk round a sort of terrace, past a look-out where the fat landlord sat ; he flew out and embraced one of our party. "You are the brother of Mr. S——h," he said, and on the strength of that promised to give us directly an excellent dinner. Directly meant nearly a precious hour, which would have enabled us to see the castle handsomely and given us time to catch our train, and the excellent dinner consisted of kid and macaroni and the little strong Neapolitan tomatoes, and not very good omelette, and not very good cheese. The wine, too, was the least pleasant we had in all Sicily, But the scene was highly picturesque, and the landlord a great character and a merry, obliging soul. After this frugal repast we hurried round the town to the castle, perched on the huge limestone crag which falls sheer down for hundreds of feet.

THE CITY OF ERYX

In the splendid ring wall, with numberless bastions, which surrounds the city, we could trace the massive Carthaginian masonry to a considerable height from the ground, and the ancient walls were full of cetrach and maidenhair. The town is paved throughout with great slabs of the Roman pattern, and is full of high, romantic-looking walls, all of grey stone. There are a few Gothic buildings, such as the convent, and a row of shops with broad stone sills. In one place you can see the white crosses of the Knights Templars, three feet from the ground.

THE CASTLES OF ERYX

At length we got to the castle ; it was like the Bolt Head and Corfe Castle run into one, with all the kingdoms of the earth at our feet indicated by the white city on the shore, the wide green plain with its olives and cork trees and symmetrical farms, and the islands on



Photo by Alinari.

THE OLD CASTLE : COUNT PEPOLI'S CASTLE

THE HILL OF ERYX

the horizon. The town immediately below us looked very Saracenic with its towers and domes, the *chiesa matrice* tower looked especially Saracenic. And the back of the *matrice* suggested a mosque, as did many combinations of those marvellous laminated rocks. There are two castles at Eryx—one the real one, whose habitable parts are now used as a prison; the other restored, built by an enthusiastic antiquary, Count Pepoli. From a distance this is much the more effective of the two. I was informed by the Count's secretary and by other reliable people that the *castle* has always been a castle—in all ages—but on the site of Count Pepoli's property a Greek temple stood. When this temple was destroyed by their conquerors, parts of the columns were employed in restoring the castle embattlements, and some of these drum-shaped parts, placed horizontally, may be seen to this day. *On the site of the Greek temple a Roman tower arose*, which in its turn fell into decay, and this *tower was restored by Count Pepoli*, the lower part of the tower belongs to the original construction. He also ordered a magnificent bronze gate to take the place of the supposed Roman gate, but the ignorant civic authorities refused to allow the gate to be put up, *as they considered that this would put the tower in a thorough state of defence!* I have seen this bronze gate, and also had the pleasure of meeting Count Pepoli, who has done much to improve Eryx by creating a public garden, and by planting young firs on the otherwise bare slopes of the north side of the mountain. The former has been described above; the latter has the most incomparable site that any man ever lived on, looking out as it does on a depthless precipice green with fern, and the village-dotted plain, and the city, and the sea, and the islands. Gibraltar is nothing to this city as old as time. "This is Eryx," said our guide: "there are almond trees in the valley and a map of the world below." We could not linger in the delightful old castle as we wished, for our lunch at the inn had dipped into our time and our purses, though not very far into our persons, and we had to tear down the mountain to catch our train. Miss L—— must have suffered agonies in her slender boots, though their close lacing kept her ankles from turning over; for the path was strewn with little cobbles about the size of eggs, which were supposed to make it better for

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mules. But for all that, and in spite of the way in which she felt the heat, she kept up with the best of us. Her sufferings were in vain, for though we were lucky enough to strike a tram we saw the last train steaming out of the station a minute ahead of us. There was nothing for it but to go home by carriage or go to the ancient inn. When we talked of driving the twenty miles or so to Marsala in a carriage, the inhabitants stared at us aghast. Did we know what Sicilian roads were like?—mere heaps of stones. There was nothing which an English signor would dignify with the name of a road between Trapani and Marsala (the two principal towns in the west of Sicily); so there was nothing for it but to go to the inn. Our friends said that the inn was clean enough, respectable enough, possibly healthy enough; but they thought that Miss L—— would die of discomfort. I shall have more to say about that inn lower down. One night in it would supply Mr. Richard Marsh with motifs for a dozen short stories.

A DRIVE ROUND TRAPANI—THE OLD HOUSE IN THE GIUDECCA

Having ordered our rooms and ascertained what time dinner was, we hired a carriage for a drive round the town. The palm-bordered Marina, with its avenue of *bella sombra* trees, and the sunset, and the cape behind, and a fringe of tall feluccas and trampy-looking English, Italian, and Norwegian steamers, is highly picturesque. The island of Columbara, which lies off, is lovely, while on a spit or island there is a very effective little building like a Greek temple.

But we were in a hurry to see the old palace in the Giudecca, and the pace of which our carriage was capable can be imagined from the fact that the hotel boots, whom we had taken as a guide, found that he could keep up with us without jumping on the box beside the coachman.

There is a palace or convent in the Via Giudecca which has the statues by Gagini, but the principal attraction there—indeed, the most interesting building in Trapani—is the palace now known as the Spedaletto. The Giudecca is, of course, our old friend the Ghetto.

THE ODYSSEY WRITTEN AT TRAPANI BY A WOMAN

This old house was built somewhere between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, but it has been very much altered by the insertion of richly sculptured Renaissance windows. It has a fine square tower, which has the stones in its upper part faceted and cut like gems, and there are rich Sicilian-Gothic arches both on the façade and in the cortile. In spite of its decorations being a regular jumble of architecture, the cortile is a very beautiful one; every detail seems to have been spell-bound by a magician's wand at exactly the right stage of decay. It is one of the most beautiful and quaint old houses in Sicily.

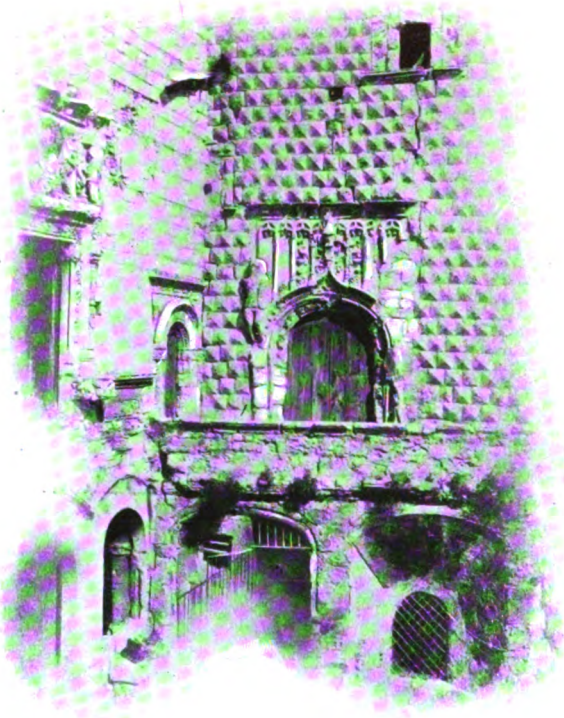


Photo by Pelos.

IN THE GIUDECCA AT TRAPANI—THE SPEDALETTO

THE "ODYSSEY" WRITTEN AT TRAPANI BY A WOMAN

Mr. Butler, the celebrated Homeric scholar, spent a great deal of time at Trapani, near which he considers the *Odyssey* to have been written by a woman. To the classical scholar Mr. Butler's book, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, is a rich intellectual treat, for he is very learned, knows his Sicily like an open book, and is a most ingenious pedlar of his wares, displaying fascinating articles to those who will stare at them open-mouthed, and lashing with a bitter tongue whoso-

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ever ventures to remark that he has his own tongue in his cheek and that his wares are not what they seem. Briefly, his proofs that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman lie in the fact that the author makes such ridiculous mistakes about matters of which men have common knowledge, such as believing a ship to have a rudder at both ends (Book IX. 483, 540); thinking that dry and well-seasoned timber can be cut from a growing tree (Book V. 240), and making a hawk, while still on the wing, tear its prey, a thing that no hawk can do (Book XV. 527), while mere household matters are described with a felicity which has never been excelled in the 3400 years which have elapsed since the *Odyssey* was first committed to memory. That settles the question of authorship, though it is a little hard on women. The question of localities is managed as glibly. Ulysses did not live at Ithaca at all, because the description in the *Odyssey* does not fit the Ionian Islands as well as the Ægatian Islands, which lie off Trapani and Marsala. Ulysses, like the authoress of the poem, was a Sicilian, and nearly every place in the poem, except Troy itself, can easily be traced to Sicily, and, for the most part, to the neighbourhood of Trapani. The book is one of the most brilliant paradoxes of a *fin-de-siècle* age. It is also a monument of scholarship, though it is rather unkind for Mr. Butler to prove that Homer had nothing to do with the *Odyssey* after Wolf had proved that he only edited the *Iliad*.

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODYSSEY

Since I wrote these lines the brilliant writer of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*" (published by Longmans, Green and Co.) has died. In his theory he finds the harmonious concurrence of four lines of argument, each requiring the fulfilment of many and rigorous conditions, and each by itself sufficient to raise the strong presumption that Trapani was the place which was most prominent in the mind of the writer of the *Odyssey*. He claims

1. That Scheria is drawn from Trapani.
2. That Ithaca also is drawn from Trapani and its immediate neighbourhood; and that his case for this will be found

THE SCENERY OF THE ODYSSEY SICILIAN

even stronger, if possible, than that by which he established that Scheria was Trapani.

3. That the Ionian Islands as described in the *Odyssey* cannot have been drawn from the actual Ionian Islands, nor from any others but those off Trapani; and that the writer sinned against her own knowledge in order to force these islands into her narrative.
4. That the voyages of Ulysses practically resolve themselves into a voyage from Troy to the neighbourhood of Sicily, and thenceforward into a sail round Sicily, beginning with Trapani and ending with the same place.

He says: "I found the combination I want for Scheria right under Mount Eryx—land's end jutting into the sea—the two harbours, one on either side of it—the narrow entrance between the two marshes—the high mountain hard by—the rock at the entrance of the harbours—the absence of any river.

.

"But this was not all. Not only was the rock of the right height, and so turned as to give the idea of a ship coming into port, but it bore the strange name of Malconsiglio, or 'Evil Counsel.' I was so much struck with this that I wrote to Trapani enquiring whether there existed any local tradition in connection with the rock, and was told that there were two—the one absurd, and the other to the effect that the rock had been turned to stone at the entrance of the harbour by the Madonna di Trapani. I did not doubt that the name and the legend between them preserved the Odyssean version in a Christianised form—the legend recording the fact of a ship's having been turned into stone as it was entering harbour, and the name telling us the other fact that this had been brought about in consequence of an evil counsel. I believe the above sufficient for reasonable assurance that Scheria was drawn from Trapani, and will, therefore, proceed to establish that the Ithaca scenes are drawn also from the same place and its immediate neighbourhood. To this end it will be incumbent upon me to find

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that near Trapani, though not actually at the town, there exists, or can be shown to have in all reasonable probability existed, a harbour which has, or had, a current in it, and which lies hard by the foot of the mountain. This harbour should have a shelving bottom, for the Phæacian crew which brought Ulysses to Ithaca ran half the ship's length on shore before the way was off it. At no great distance there must be two caves near together (xii., 103-112 and 347-349). One of them must have two entrances—one turned towards the north, by which people can go down into the cave, and the other towards the south, by which the gods alone can enter. It must have water in it, and also prehistoric implements should be found there. From near it one must be able to see harbours (in the plural), and it should be on the side of a mountain. Here Ulysses hid the treasures that the Phæacians had given him. The other cave need present no special features. A man ascending the mountain from these caves, and keeping along the top of it, should come to a place on ground commanding an extensive prospect, where there is a spring and a rock that is called the Raven. This site must be bitterly cold in winter, and must be about two hours' walk from Trapani; the path to the town must be so rugged that a man in ordinary vigour would not like to take it without having a stick; and lastly, it must pass a notable mound or hill much nearer Trapani than the high ground before alluded to, and commanding a full view of the city and harbour. The reader who turns to the abridgement of Books xii., xv., xvi., and xvii. given in this work, will find that all these points are necessary. They all of them exist at this day, even to the calling of the rock 'Raven,' except one—I mean the mouth of the harbour where the Phæacians entered; this is now silted up, like the harbour of Selinunte, which I might almost call on the same coast. The inner part of the harbour is still full of sea water, but has been converted into salt works which are slightly below the level of the sea. The bed of the old exit is clearly seen, and there are still rushes in it, though it is quite dry; it is very narrow, is often full in winter, and is marked with dotted lines in the Italian ordnance map, but not so in our Admiralty chart . . .

TRAPANI IS SCHERIA AND ITHACA

“Given a mass of water, nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, with a narrow exit, and the tide, which here has a rise and fall of from two to three feet, would cause a current that at times would be strong, and justify its being described as a river, and also as a harbour with a current in it. Returning for a moment to Scheria, I suppose this to be the river at the mouth of which Ulysses landed, and the river’s staying his flow (v. 451) I take to mean that he arrived there just at the turn of the tide. I may also say that this harbour is used five times in the *Odyssey*:—

“1. As the ‘flowing harbour, in the country beyond the town, under Mt. Neritum’—reading, as explained earlier, Νηρίτω for Νηίω—where Minerva said she left her ship, when she was talking with Telemachus (i. 185, 186). 2. As the place where Ulysses landed in Scheria, and where Nausicaa washed her clothes. 3. As the place where Ulysses landed in Ithaca, on his return from Pylos (xv. 495, &c.). 4. As the place where Telemachus landed in Ithaca. 5. As the spot pointed to by Ulysses as the one where his ship was lying ‘in the country beyond the town’ (xxiv. 308).”

Mr. Butler says that the reason why the writer of the *Odyssey* mentions first one cave and then two, is that the first is conspicuous, and the second—called the Grotta del Toro—is not easily seen. “Toro,” he says, is a corruption for “Tesoro,” the treasure which the peasants still believe to exist in the cave guarded by a hidden bull. The cave has lately been explored by Mr. H. Festing Jones, and found to be about thirty feet long, with some water in it, but very difficult after the first ten or twelve feet.

There is, on Mount Eryx, a rock called the Raven’s Rock, where these birds breed, and a spring near it, to get to which is a good winter day’s walk from Trapani along a rough mountain path, which requires a stick. He therefore claims that Ithaca, like Scheria, must be taken as drawn from Trapani. . . .

“There is, however, this important point to be remembered, that though the writer, when she has to consider Ithaca *ab extra*, as an island, and nothing more, pictures it to herself as the high and striking island of Marettimo, some twenty-two miles off Trapani; when she

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

wants details she takes them from her own immediate neighbourhood on the mainland."

Mr. Butler gives the following data for identifying Ithaca and the neighbouring islands, not with the Ithaca of to-day in the Ionian Islands, but with the famous Ægæan Islands, where the Romans defeated Hamilcar in the battle which ended the first Punic War.

"The lofty and rugged island of Marettimo did duty in the writer's mind for Ithaca, though, as I have said, when details are wanted they are taken from Trapani and Mount Eryx. The long island, now the Isola Grande—low lying and wheat-growing—was her Dulichium. This must have been far the most important of the four as regards Trapani, being accessible in all weathers, and probably already pregnant with the subsequently famous city of Motya, of which hardly anything remains, but which stood on the southernmost of the two islands that lie between Isola Grande and the mainland. The other two islands stood for Same and Zacynthus, but which was which I have not been able to determine. Marettimo can hardly be seen from Trapani, being almost entirely hidden by Levanzo. From the heights, however, of Mount Eryx, with which, for other reasons, I suppose the writer to have been familiar, it is seen 'on the horizon, all highest up in the sea towards the west.' I do not doubt the poetess was describing it as she knew it from the top of Mount Eryx, and as the reader still may see it."

Mr. Butler's fourth point is: "That the voyages of Ulysses are, as nearly as the writer could make them, a voyage round Sicily, from Trapani, by the north coast, through the Straits of Messina, to the island of Pantellaria, and so back to Trapani, beyond which we need not go, for Ithaca and Scheria are, both of them, Trapani, as I have already shown."

The island where Ulysses and his men hunted the goats, after leaving the land of the Lotus-Eaters, is Favignana, anciently called Ægusa, which, like Ægæan, signifies "goat-island." The adventure of Polyphemus Mr. Butler places on Mount Eryx. Nausicaa was, it will be seen, a woman of Trapani. Calypso's island was Pantellaria; and Pantellaria, which lies to the north of Trapani, is officially

OUR GHOSTLY INN AT TRAPANI

recognised as a difficult place to get away from, because the Italian Government use it as a penal settlement for their worst criminals. Mr. Butler's climax comes when he declares that the young woman of Trapani who wrote the *Odyssey* was no less a personage than Nausicaa herself.

OUR GHOSTLY INN AT TRAPANI

The hotel we went to at Trapani, though our friends said it was the best, was the most forbidding-looking place I ever slept in. It looked as if it had ghosts, and it certainly had all sorts of dark corners for cut-throats, and the walls of the bedrooms did not go up to the ceiling, because, I suppose, several hotel bedrooms were made out of one palace room. Hotels in out-of-the-way parts of Sicily have always been something else before they were hotels, and the tall narrow stairs had only an old flimsy iron balustrade, over which you could fall quite easily if you went up or down carelessly. However, the beds looked clean, if damp, and the dinner was a great success. The food was excellent, and the wine was excellent, and there were two or three gay parties, and the officers had their mess there, and the room was brilliantly lighted.

AN EARLY START FROM THE TRAPANI HOTEL

There was no difficulty in being down by five in the morning. I was, I believe, the only member of the party who slept a wink, and I was sleeping in my clothes on the sofa. But when we got down we found the whole of the ground floor locked, and had to stand in the passage. We told the waiter that we must get into the dining-room to get our coats and cameras. He replied that it was impossible, because the landlord had the key, and he was asleep and he could not be disturbed.

"But we have *cose*," I said.

"I cannot help it, signor; the landlord must not be awaked."

But he had reckoned without his host; not only were we six men, but four of us could talk Sicilian, and their business in life was to boss Sicilians. In an incredibly short space of time that waiter

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

was humbly showing them the landlord's door, and they must have said something exactly to the purpose, because the door opened and an object from Red-Cotton-Nightcap-Country handed the waiter the key. While the waiter was opening the dining-room the dogs locked up in the office declared in ominous growls what they would do to him if they got out. There was no occasion to have locked the dining-room, for there was nothing in it but our property and one lemon. We took the lemon. It was all we had for breakfast between seven until we got to Marsala; but a suck at the thinnest slice of lemon amuses the human stomach when it has nothing better to do.

SUMMER LIFE AT ERYX

While I was talking of Eryx I forgot to give the experiences of a friend of mine who had such a bad touch of fever that the doctors recommended his spending the hot weather at Eryx instead of Marsala. He found the little city quite gay with summer visitors, and the young ladies further removed from Eastern ideas than their Palermitan sisters, and better educated generally. After he had once instituted picnics they never stopped. Very few of them could sing at all, but that did not signify. They would sing if they

did not know a note. All Sicilian girls play games, more or less, and they are very fond of them; but games declined before the excitement of having horses and donkeys and making almost daily excursions down to the fishing village of Bonagia. The visitors belonged mostly to the well-to-do middle-class, and they seemed to have taken their pleasures as sadly as the traditional Englishman. On so festive an occasion as a christening, for instance, all the ladies



Photo by]

[the Author

FISH HAWKERS AT ERYX

SUMMER LIFE AT ERYX

sat in one room, and all the men in another. Sex is never forgotten in Sicily. Ices come round; they sat in a row and ate. Women have to speak with their eyes in Sicily, because they are seldom allowed to use their tongues to the ears they desire. Then came biscuits; they still sat in a row and ate them; then cold water, then liqueurs, then more cold water, then games, which only meant singing and reciting. Indeed, the fact of the christening was needed to prove that the same distance was not always observed between the sexes. Being English, Mr. A—— was quite the distinguished visitor, and was made honorary member of a nice little club. Otherwise his acquaintances were all among the visitors, for the Montesi, as the people of the city style themselves, are very reserved. They never forget that their city gives its name to one of the richest and most extensive communes in the island, which once went all the way to Castellamare, near Palermo. They have a *sindaco*, which means a mayor, and, I fancy, a Senate, and they are talking of having a funicular railway from Trapani. The old ladies who wear the black *manto* (domino), once universal in Sicily, and the little children are conspicuously neat.



Photo by Mr. R. B. COSMUS.

THE LAVA-PAVED STREETS OF ERYX

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX



Photo by Alinari.

THE HARBOUR OF TRAPANI. THE QUAY IN THE BACKGROUND

COURTSHIP IN SICILY

Mr. A—— was a very cautious man, and did not fall into the same scrape as the last Englishman who had summered at Eryx, to whom the serenading of Sicilian courtships was an irresistible joke. The lower-class man, if he falls in love with a girl's appearance, goes under her balcony every evening and sings. The Sicilian young woman is quite aware what the singing means, and if she approves just lifts up the *persiane*, which means the lattice-wicket, to let the eyes meet. If she is still pleased, she opens the lattice a little on the following night, and then perhaps waves a hand when no one is looking. At this stage he should write to the family and ask permission to call, and if he does not, there is likely to be a *vendetta*. Breach of courtship is as bad as breach of promise in Sicily, and both are infinitely

JULIETS AT ERYX

more resented than a rich man's seeking a poor girl for his mistress, if he is willing to make a pecuniary arrangement with her family.

As you walk down the lava-paved streets of Eryx you pass between blind, high walls enclosing gardens; occasionally houses, almost as destitute of openings, abut on these walls. But each house is apt to have one Juliet's balcony a dozen feet or more above the street, with a latticed window opening on to it, which looks as if it had been made for serenading.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVING MARSALA

IT was worth while getting to Marsala at seven o'clock in the morning to see the men come in to the *baglio*, each in his blue hooded cloak, giving the grave Sicilian salute. They swarmed slowly across the court, like so many old-fashioned Japanese in their leather Inverness-cape *kimonos*; and the court itself was quite like some of the courts in the temples at Shiba.



Photo by the Author.

SICILIAN WORKMEN IN
THEIR CLOAKS

THE BAGLIO FLORIO

As we were up so betimes we sallied forth to see a few churches; for in Marsala the churches all lunch at twelve, and do not get over their siesta till about three. Not that any of the churches were worth seeing, except the cathedral, for its tapestries; and it had its roof off while we were there.

S. Salvatore is a fourteenth-century church, but is much spoiled. We spent the latter part of the day, our last in Marsala, in seeing Signor Florio's *baglio*, which is very interesting, because its owner is so fond

THE BAGLIO FLORIO

of experimenting with new machinery. It dates from 1832. Everything here is done in the most elaborate style, and, as the saying goes, "regardless of expense." The cask-washing wheel was the ingenious creation of one of the Sicilian members of the staff. The cask-making machinery is quite new, and is from Germany. Some of the store-casks and vats are of enormous proportions.

The first vault, for instance, is more than six hundred and fifteen feet long, and the second, which is more than six hundred and twenty-five feet long, contains thirty-two casks of a hundred and twelve to a hundred and twenty pipes English, that is to say, from twelve to fifteen thousand gallons. The buildings are very symmetrical and have very light cane roofs covered with loose tiles. The tiles have to be loose because air is necessary; how necessary one can see, because the evaporation of spirits turns the tiles black. As in the Baglio Ingham, the vaults are very picturesque, with long rows of Gothic arches. There is a row of tuns which hold twenty thousand gallons, and one vault, No. 4, is nearly seven hundred feet long. There was much more that I wanted to examine in detail, such as the separate establishment for brandy-distilling and ageing, a most handsome and up-to-date place, and the fine black-and-white guest house, like the Prince of Trabia's Villa at Bagheria, and the wonderful steam-bath for the oak barrels which kills all the fungi and makes the staves almost unbreakable. But somehow that last afternoon in Marsala seemed to be the shortest, and darkness overtook me in this region of no twilight long before I had exhausted the sights and the matters of interest with which Signor Florio's wine and Cognac establishments are replete. The wines and brandies were treated with as much care as if they had been human beings. It has been seen how carefully the matter of ventilation is attended to; the matter of warmth receives equal attention. On cold nights fires are lit to keep up the temperature. Signor Florio is a great benefactor to Sicily. Whatever he undertakes has the best chance that the most up-to-date and perfect machinery and appointments can give it.

LEAVING MARSALA

OUR DEPARTURE

Very early the next morning we went on to another *baglio* of the Messrs. Whitaker, situated at Castelvetro; but we are not likely ever to forget the Baglio Ingham at Marsala, with its long walls, gargoyles, high grated windows, and watch-towers; its Southern-looking colonnaded house; its wharves, and cranes, and lighters, and feluccas, and shore-boats; its *bella sombra* avenue; its blue-cloaked workmen and lean wine-barrels, and farmers' carts from the country.

THE CITY OF MAZZARA

In this part of Sicily an omnibus is called *vapore*, and a little cart *vaporette*, but I do not see the connection. Soon we passed Mazzara, with its picturesque tower, which I had hoped to visit; for though it is a dead city now, it was, in the Middle Ages, one of the most important in Sicily. The importance of Marsala and Trapani is like the hymns—ancient and modern. The city of Mazzara, though Murray calls it a miserable episcopal town of yellow tufa, has a much larger population than S. Malo. The former importance of Mazzara is shown by the fact that the great western road from Palermo issues from its Mazzara Gate. It is the custom in Sicily to call gates after the principal cities to which they lead. Taormina, for instance, has a Catania and a Messina Gate. The importance of Mazzara is likewise shown by the fact that it had *carabinieri* in the station to pass the time of day to the two *carabinieri* which every Sicilian train carries—to protect it from brigands, I suppose. The first thing that happens when you arrive at a station is for the *carabinieri* to step out and march up and down the platform. There is no hurry about these trains; they stop a quarter of an hour at any reasonable-sized place.

THE ARCH-PRIEST VOUCHES FOR THE INGHAM MARSALA

As we were leaving Marsala, Mr. Smith, one of the staff, put in my hands a copy of an interesting document, in which the Arch-priest of Marsala vouched for the Ingham wine being a proper wine to be used for the Mass in Montreal. Five pipes, thirty half-pipes, fifty

MARSALA WINE FOR COMMUNION SERVICE

terzi, and fifty quarti, were sent, which sounds as if it would last a long time. It will be noticed that the Cathedral of Marsala is dedicated to Thomas à Becket—S. Thomas of Canterbury.

“ARCIPRETURA DI MARSALA

“Nos S. T. P. D. Petrus Mezzapelle Can^{us}, Sacramentalis et Eonomus Archipresbyter Insignis collegiatæ ecclesiæ Matricis sub titulo S. Thomæ Martyris Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis hujus antiquissimæ ac fidelissimæ Urbis Lilybæi Marsaliæ nuncupatæ omnibus et singulis præsentibus inspecturis fidem indubiam facimus ac testamur. Nos subscriptum Eonomum Archipresbyterum in cellas vinarias domus Ingham et Sociorum perlato persona; nec non duxisse Nobiscum peritum quendam ad opus a Nobis deputatum qui juramento affirmaret in super et unum de Nostris Cappellanis ut vinum in Canadà mittendum plurium et nostra metipsa experientia præsentibus Nobis probaretur.

“Quapropter declaramus, vinum quod mittitur a Negotiatoribus Ingham et sociis in Canadà per navim Avlona J. G. Baxter eam gubernante infusum servatumque in doliis ligneis cum iquito signaculo infra descripto, simplex esse ac de vitis genimine expressum quod in Missæ Sacrificio bene uti possit et valeat.

“Dolia hujus modi ripecta vino, hocce sequuntur modo descripta.

QUALITAS.	SIGNUM.	QUANTITAS.	CUI MITTITUR.
Ingham & Co. Colli.	CI. & C M	5 Pippe 30 Mezzepippe 50 Terzi 50 Quarti	Carlo Lacaille & Co. Montreal

“Datis Marsalæ Die Quarta, Aprilis, 1894.

“(Signed) PETRUS CAN^{us} MEZZAPELLE,

“*Eonomus Archipresbyter.*”

The Campobello, the fertile plain of Mazzara, has an evil reputation for malariousness. When the Englishmen from the Baglio Ingham go to buy up the new wine there they often get a touch of fever.

Soon we were abreast of the quarries from which Selinunte was built, which I should very much like to have examined, but I could not secure the attention of the others; they were taken up with the

LEAVING MARSALA

experiences of Witheridge, who had travelled from Marsala third class to get an idea of what it was like. He said it was like an emigrant train in America—the same sort of smell and people.

One of the gentlemen from the *baglio* was accompanying us to Castelvetro, and he pointed out the malarious-looking mist. It was also a Turner-esque-looking mist, with stone pines rising out of it; indeed, the mist was only thick enough to soften the picture of the rich, well-wooded plain, with its almonds and pines.

THE CITY OF CASTELVETRO

When we arrived at Castelvetro, after depositing our luggage at the *baglio* presided over by a splendid Sicilian woman addressed as Donna Cecilia, we jumped into the carriage which was awaiting us—six of us besides the driver, who looked like a nobleman. As usual, the first thing that we thought about Castelvetro was that we should like to spend more time there. I have been there twice, but never devoted more than a passing glance to it, though it is, I believe, the fourth or fifth town in Sicily in population, and very prosperous; for it is the centre of a silk and oil district, and has manufactures. It is said to derive its name from being an outpost of Roman veterans, but I have also heard that its name should be spelt Castelvitrano. The point is not of any consequence, because the town contains nothing more ancient than the Middle Ages.

Architecturally it is very interesting, for it contains several fine convents, some of which, like the Cappuccini and Carmelite convents, are really elegant; and it has some Gothic palaces, though the huge Monteleone Palace and the Palazzo Favona, with its handsome cortile, belong to the Renaissance period.

A THEATRE COPIED FROM THE ANTIQUE

What Castelvetro piques itself on especially is a grand theatre which it is erecting, really a very fine building with splendidly massive masonry, and every detail copied from the ruins of Selinunte except the central box, which is copied from the tomb of Archimedes at Syracuse. It is open to the sky except for an

THE BUILDINGS OF CASTELVETRANO

awning in the ancient Roman style, and it has vomitories like the theatre at Syracuse. All round the top, inside, runs a handsome classic arcade. It has a fine Doric façade, consisting of four columns, with a cella on each side. Nearly all the ancient architecture in Sicily is Doric, for the Sicilian Greeks were mostly Dorians.

THE OTHER BUILDINGS OF CASTELVETRANO

It is intended, as nearly as possible, to reproduce an ancient theatre suitable for modern needs, which means for any kind of public meeting as well as theatricals. Garibaldi did something at Castelvetro, I forget what, so they called a bad hotel after him. Unfortunately for Garibaldi, just as the driver was telling us about him we passed the Monastero del Purgatorio, which had two lovely old green and white jars in niches outside it. Miss L—— wanted to buy them, and she was so soon going to leave us that she mattered more than many Garibaldis. The driver said that we were not to disturb ourselves, they would be brought to the *baglio*. It sounded too good to be true, but as we wished to get to Selinunte in time to see something, it was safer to pretend to believe him. The *matrice*, which means the same as the French *paroisse*—the parish church—is large but baroque. It has a fine late Gothic tower in five tiers, which was never finished, and a Sicilian-Gothic window. Our driver was certainly intelligent, for, seeing that we admired the Gothic features, he drove us past the Palazzo Cudera, which he described as the first house in Castelvetro, meaning the oldest, and one or two other graceful Gothic palazzetti of the Middle Ages—regular little fortresses; for Castelvetro is only seven or eight miles from the sea, and must therefore have been subject to the attentions of the Saracens, who would have found much to plunder in this fertile neighbourhood. For the same reason, perhaps, the older convents here look like brown battlemented castles, though the Carmelite convent now occupied by the Spedale Civico is an airy and elegant Renaissance building.

This being quite a country town, even before we were through the elegant gate at the end of the Via S. Francesco d'Assisi, which

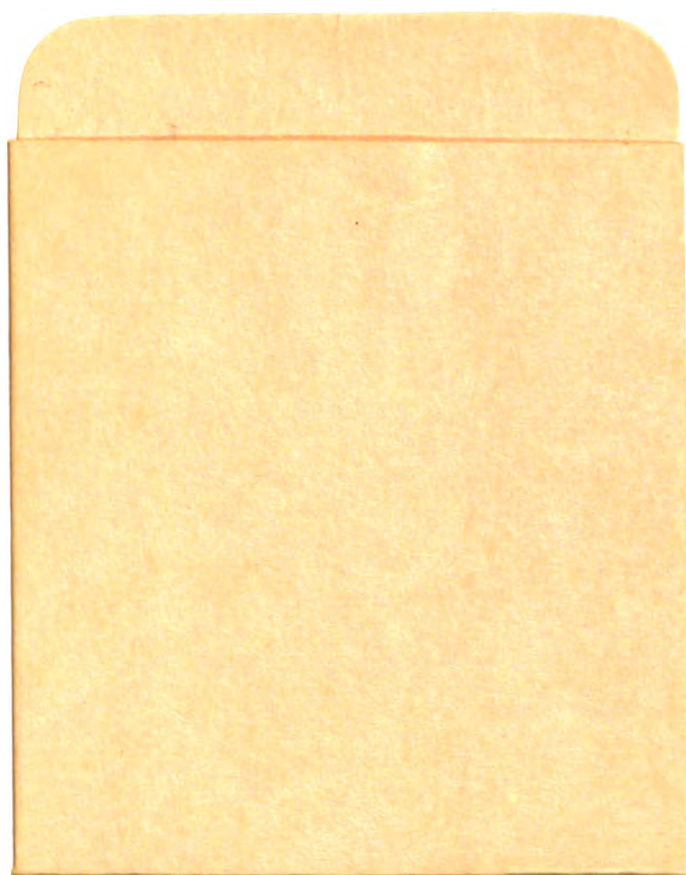
LEAVING MARSALA

shows a vista for miles like the Murderer's Gate at Macao, fresh glimpses of animal life began to present themselves. Here for the first time we saw a billy-goat surrounded by his harem, and a cow decorated with a starred collar and the red tufts the Sicilians are so fond of applying to horses and donkeys.

Castelvetrano is not convent-ridden, for none of the convents, except the Cappuccini, have any monks.

THE ROAD DOWN TO SELINUNTE

I am not going to describe the dusty, bouldery road which leads from Castelvetrano down to Selinunte between rich vineyards and gardens of olives, and cornfields ablaze with gladiolus and poppy. The road is bordered with a hedge of brambles, wild palms, agaves, and the land-snails which especially affect agaves. Fennel, with its maize-like buds ; borage with huge blossoms ; Canterbury bells ; genestas ; the great Sicilian daisy, white and lemon-coloured ; golden-hearted cistus blossoms ; sea vetches ; dwarf white roses ; wild garlic ; broom rape ; patches of blue flax ; grape hyacinths ; the convolvulus which looks like the mallow ; and the purple-flowered, yellow-fruited bush which is like a wild tomato, made the roadside such a blaze of colour that we did not notice that we had arrived at our destination till the majestic ruins rose before us.



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